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LADIES' JOURNAL.

— DEVOTED TO —

LITERATURE, FASHION, DOMESTIC MATTERS, ETC. ETC.

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APRIL, 1890.

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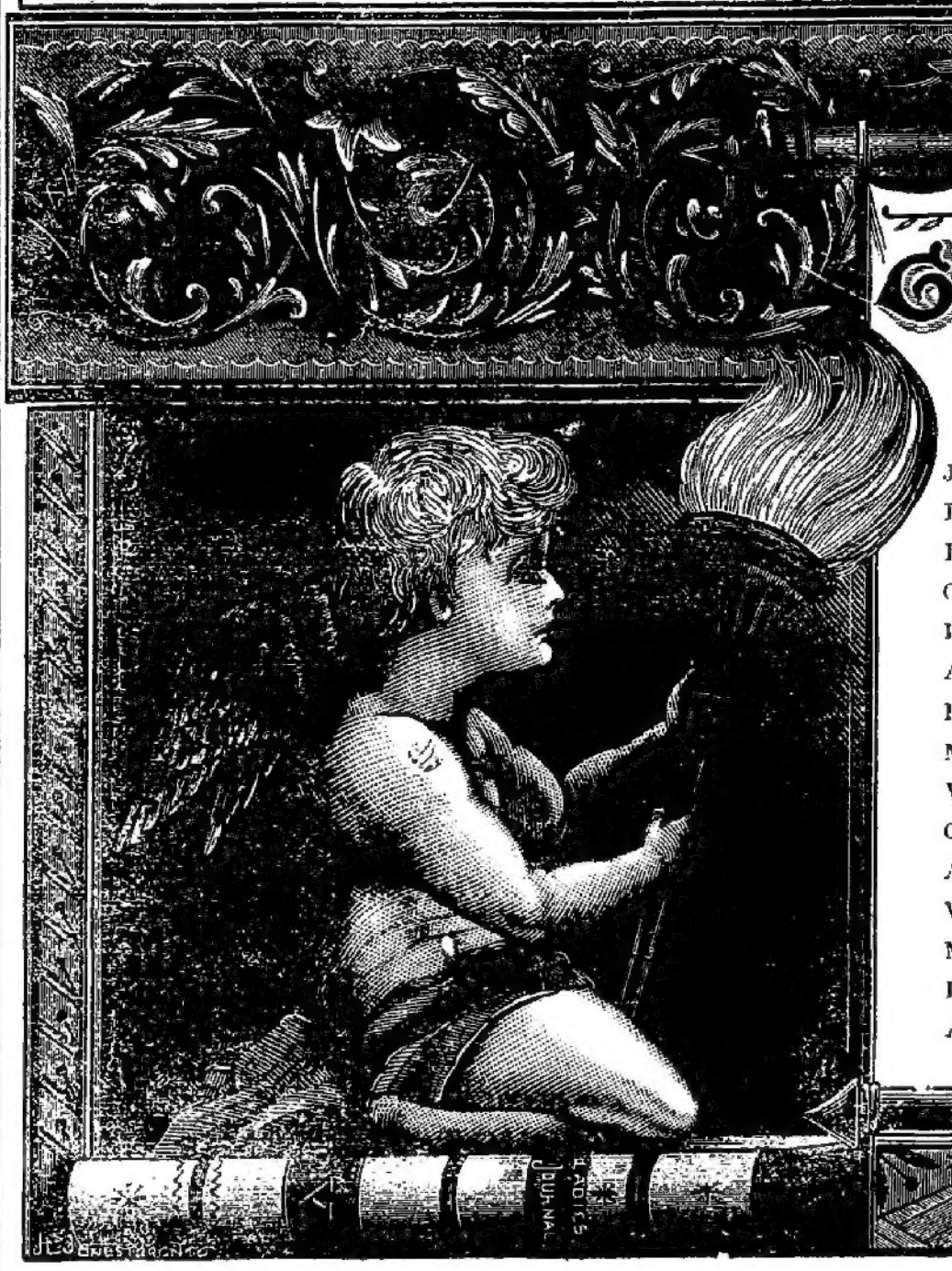

JEWELS OF THOUGHT.

Principle is a passion for truth.

For it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than even proof itself would have earned him.

Magnificent promises are always to be suspected.

The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the light skiff of apothegm or epigram.

There is no amount of praise which is not heaped on prudence, yet there is not the most insignificant event of which it can make us sure.

Purity of heart is the noblest inheritance, and love the fairest ornament of woman.

Love looks through a telescope; envy through a microscope.

We cannot employ the mind to advantage when we are filled with excessive food and drink.

Excitement is the drunkenness of the spirits.

Great expectations are better than poor possessions.

It is with sorrows as with countries,—each man has his own.

The self-educated are marked by stubborn peculiarities.

Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious.

He who loses not his senses in certain things has no senses to lose.

Virtue is voluntary; vice involuntary.

Our virtues live upon our income; and our vices consume our capital.

Widows, like ripe fruit, drop easily from their perch.

He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.

Men's hearts and faces are always wide asunder; women's are not only in close connection, but are mirror-like in instant power of reflection.

Nothing is impossible to industry.

To write for a living, according to Mr. Whipple, is coquetting with starvation.

Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

Eyes are not so common as people think, or poets would be plentier.

Under the magnetism of friendship, the modest man becomes bold, the shy, confident, the lazy, active, or the impetuous, prudent, and peaceful.

Of perpetual mourning there is none; no clouds remain fixed. The sun will shine tomorrow.

Valor would cease to be a virtue if there were no injustice.

In condemning women for vanity, men complain of the fire they themselves have kindled.

Value of Personal Charms on Women.

Young women are often led to depend for happiness upon personal charms. Do not be beguiled into such a belief. Beauty is such a subtle thing, it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions, or upon the sparkle of the eye, or upon the flush of the cheek. You sometimes find it among irregular features. It is the soul shining through the face that makes one beautiful. But alas for those who depend upon more personal charms. They will come to disappointment and to a great fret. There are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and then sickness, and trouble, and age do make such ravages. The poorest god that a woman ever worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. Oh how they try to cover the wirinkles and hide the ravages of time! When Time, with iron-shod feet, steps on a face, the hoof marks remain and you cannot hide them. It is silly to try to hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool!

I never could understand why a woman should be ashamed about getting old. It is a sign, it is *prima facie* evidence, that you have behaved tolerably well, or you would not have lived to this time. The grandest thing, I think, is eternity, and that is made up of countless years. When the Book of Books would set forth the attractiveness of Jesus Christ, it says: "His hair was as white as snow." But when the luster goes from the eye, and the spring from the step, and the gracefulness from the gait, alas! for those who have built their time and eternity upon good looks. But all the passage of years cannot take out of one's face benignity, and kindness, and compassion, and faith. Culture your heart and you culture your face.

Queen Natalie, who is furnishing a house at Belgraide, has ordered all the furniture, 500,000 francs worth, from Russia. It is taken as an indication of strong Russian proclivities on her part, inasmuch as the Russians have the reputation of being the worst upholsterers in Europe.

How Girls may Succeed.

Some of you are out in the world earning your own living; you have had to do it to help somebody at home as well as to take care of yourself. You are up on a high stool looking at tiresome figures in black and white; you are ringing out the changes of a letter or a law deed on a typewriter; you are standing behind a counter catering to the whims and wants of thousands of people, or you are working away reading proof and wondering why people don't write plainly. But no matter what you are doing, you will never succeed in this world and you will be of no worth to the people who employ you unless you do the best you can. Do it for you own sake. Don't slight any work, no matter how poor it may seem to you—the work becomes great and noble the very second that you put a great and noble determination in to it. Of course, you get tired, but every time you feel the tired feeling coming over you, stop just for a minute, give the eyes or the hand a rest and remember that the work done in the right spirit is the only work fit to offer to God Himself, and that's the way and that's the spirit in which you ought to work.

By doing the best you can, by being just as patient as you can, your work is certain to receive recognition, and that may mean more money and less work to you, because after a while the toil that seems so hard at first is going from mere force of habit to become easier, and you yourself, by doing good work, are already smoothing out the pathway of the future. Make the drudgery divine, but don't call it drudgery. Do whatsoever your hands find to do with a glad heart and willing spirit, and don't think that you are the only woman in the world who has to work hard to earn her daily bread, but be thankful that God has given you the ability with which to do it. Write out this little verse and put it in your pocketbook, and once in a while look at it:

"Hope on, hope ever, though to-day be dark
The sweet sun-burst will smile on thee to-morrow;
Though thou art lonely there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness and sweeten all thy sorrow.
Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men
With none to echo back thy thought, or love thee;
Hope on, sweet heart, thou dost not work in vain
For God is over all, and Heaven above thee."

The Secret of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everthing.

She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.

What a Lady Does not Do.

There are several things always absent in a true lady, which girls will do well to notice and remember.

A lady, for example, will never ignore little kindnesses.

Conclude in a crowd that she has a right to push her way through.

Consume the time of people who can ill spare it.

Wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

Talk loudly in public places.

Wear a torn glove, when a needle and thread and a few stiches would make it all right.

Fail in answering letters or returning visits unless she is ill or in trouble.

Fret about the heat or the cold, the sun, or the rain, the air, or the lack of it.

Make an engagement and then not be on time.

Complain of her family, or discuss personal affairs with strangers.

Always believe the worst rather than the best side of a story.

A lady does not do any other than make the best of everything—the world, the weather, and herself. She believes in the golden rule and endeavors as far as possible to live up to it; and that's what you and I ought to promise every morning that we will try and do during the day.

The Wrapper Habit.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a girl to get into the habit of slipping on a wrapper in the morning, attending to whatever household duties she may have to perform, and not really dressing herself until she wants to go out, or the middle of the day has been reached. There is a use for the wrapper, of course; but it's use isn't for you to regard it as a something you can "pitch on" and be untidy in. Don't "pitch on" anything you wear. Clothes have an effect on your morals as well as your personal appearance, and the girl who is willing to eat her breakfast in a loose, untidy wrapper will soon think it no disgrace to leave her hair up in papers an hour or so longer, or, horror of horrors, go without washing her face until later in the day. You do not believe you will come to it. Well, it's the first step that counts, and just as soon as you conclude that how you look before father doesn't make any difference, just so soon are you in a fair way to fall into very untidy habits. Remember that the simplest of dresses neatly made, and whole, only takes a minute more to assume, and then you are ready to see, or be seen by anybody, and you are not so much dressed that you cannot dust the little dainty belongings in the parlor, or dry the silver and glass as it is carefully washed on the breakfast table. Keep the wrapper for your bedroom, for the time when you are a little bit tired and alone, but do not under any circumstances permit yourself to get into the habit of wearing it through the early morning hours when you want to look as sweet and be as bright as that sweetest of blossoms—the morning glory.

Japanese Ideas of Marriage.

At the Sanitary Association of Japan, Dr Nagayo Sensai recently called attention to the fact that the modern method of choosing a wife in thatcountry was not satisfactory. Formerly the choice of a wife devolved exclusively on parents or middlemen. The antecedents of the girls were thoroughly scrutinized, and care was taken to keep clear of families tainted with any kind of hereditary disease. Whenever men chose wives for themselves, beauty, and not health or property, influenced their choice, and according to Japanese ideas beauty and frailty were inseparably connected with each other. The belle of ancient times had a white face, a long, slender throat and neck, a narrow chest, small thighs, and small feet and hands—a description which corresponded with that of a consumptive person. Dr Nagayo thought the man chosen should be one careful of his personal appearance, averse to slovenly habits, having good bones and sinews, a broad chest, and a loud voice; his eyes should glisten, and his face be ruddy. In the choice of a wife a man should look for a girl with clear eyes, a distinct voice, a ruddy face, a well-developed chest, and bones well covered with flesh. The paper, it will be seen, is something of a curiosity as an illustration of the extraordinary absence of romance which characterises the usual Japanese method of treating such questions.

Etiquette.

Kings and potentates are much given to carrying etiquette to excess, while other people, who are not royal personages, go to the other extreme. It is customary with a certain class of reformers to sneer at the observance of etiquette. Now etiquette is a very good thing in its way. It is necessary to protect ourselves against insolence and bravado, against the brutal instincts of some natures, and against the too subtle refinement of sentiment in others. Because people are richly dressed it must not be supposed that they are either wealthy or refined. It is the woman who gets her sealskin sacque on the instalment plan who never thinks of thanking the man who offers her his seat in the street car. A book on etiquette imparts information that is useful to all. It is not necessarily a book on haughty culture. Forms and ceremonies not only run this world, but regulate it. If it wasn't for them a loafer would not know on which side of the fence he belonged. The Chinese have too much etiquette. There are 563 Chinese books on etiquette, which seems to be a great many, but the man who occupies two seats in a car should be made to read them all very carefully.

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page book entitled "Hints on Art Needle Work," just published, handsomely and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles, also stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shading for flowers and birds, and much information valuable and instructive for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal.

Scrofula is transmitted from parent to child, and thus becomes a family inheritance for generations. It is, therefore, the duty of every scrofulous person to cleanse his blood by a thorough and persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL

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Fig. 25.—No. 4518—Ladies' Basque. Price 25 cents.

Quantity of material (21 inches wide) for 32 inches 4¼ yards; 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36 inches, 5 yards; 38 inches, 5½ yards; 40 inches, 5¼ yards.

Quantity of material (42 inches wide) for 32 inches 2⅜ yards; 34 inches, 2⅜ yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards; 38 inches, 2⅝ yards; 40 inches, 2⅝ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1⅝ yards of 42-inch material and 1 1-2 of silk for puffs and ⅝ of a yard of velvet will be required to make the medium size.

No. 4519—Ladies' Trimmed Skirt. Price 30 cents.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 10 1-2 yards, or 42-inch goods, 5¼ yards.

Wide ribbon velvet 4½ yards, narrower velvet 2 1-2 yards each; skirt-lining, 5 yards.

Fig. 26.—No. 4521—Ladies' Basque. Price 25 cents.

Quantity of material (21 inches wide) for 32 inches 4¾ yards; 34 inches 5 yards; 36 inches, 5 1-2 yards 38 inches, 5¾ yards; 40 inches, 6 yards.

Quantity of material (42 inches wide) for 31 inches, 2⅜ yards; 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 2¾ yards; 38 inches, 2⅞ yards; 40 inches, 3 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 2 yards of 42-inch material, 1 yard of silk, and ¾ of a yard of velvet will be required to make the medium size.

No. 4522—Ladies' Trimmed Skirt. Price 30 cents.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches, waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size of 21 inch goods, 11 yards, or 42-inch goods, 5 1-2 yards; ribbon velvet, 5 yards; skirt lining, 5 yards

Are Beautiful Women Happiest?

In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life, as well as of human nature. Now, are these women, blessed, as many of them are, with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, no. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer-by, they have acquired, through the force, the sweetness or originality of their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness; and, consequently, their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good will which is as far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful, as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame.—ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Jewelled Stockings.

The latest idea in elaborate dressing is to have a design wrought in jewels on the instep of evening silk stockings. A millionaire lady has set this fashion, but the practical mind of some people leads them to ask how these stockings are to be washed. This question has arisen before with regard to the jet-trimmed, openwork, silk stockings, in which pretty feet look their very best, combined with low shoes, the toes of which are embroidered in jet to match the stockings. At 18s the pair, it seems extravagant to throw them away after once wearing. But though the laundress would stare at the beads, and wonder how to set about her unwonted task, the cleaner is quite ready to undertake it, and sends the stockings home looking like new.

Grumblers.

Some people—and very disagreeable they are, by the way—contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything; to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like, but that you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure, too, to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirker yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing and you do it, never mind about that other who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gap and smooth away rough spots, and finish up the job that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

One of the purest of confections, and is simply delicious. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

FIG. 27.—No. 4521.—LADIES' COAT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch material, 2⅝ yards, or of 54 inch goods, 4½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3¾ yards of 54-inch material, 2⅜ yards of velvet and 7 yards of passementerie will be required for each size.

FIG. 29—No. 4526.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32 inches, 2¼ yards, 3 yards; 36 inches, 3¼ yards; 38 inches, 1¾ yards; 40 inches, 1 7-8 yards.

Accessories of passementerie that come in sets ofr waist-trimming are used.

Evolution of Beauty.

All people agree that beauty lies in health and proper vigorous proportion, to speak roughly, and yet women as fragile as thistle-down, and consumed with a wasting disease, have at times a beauty more potent than the rosiest maiden. Helen the daughter of the gods, was most divinely tall and fair and Cleopatra was "little and black" it is said, and kingdoms were thrown away for both of them. There is one thing very certain: The amount of beauty in the world has increased enormously since the days of Helen and the Serpent of Old Nile. Men do not leave their homes and fight for ten years for even the most radiant beauty to-day; nor do the great conquerors think the world well lost for any modern smile. In the days of Helen, and even of Cleopatra, beauty was very probably far more rare than now. Women in all but the wealthiest classes were ill protected from the discomforts that destroy beauty and harden and coarsen feminine loveliness. They did heavy manual labor, were poorly fed or protected from wind and weather, and, like the peasants of many of the Latin nations to-day, while they may have had a certain beauté du diable in the first flush of youth, the radiance quickly died and left them ugly servants and beasts of burden. Therefore, when a woman arose who possessed the true beauty that age cannot wither nor custom stale, men went mad after her, fought to possess her, and possessing her thought the world but a bubble in comparison. Selection of this sort was, of course, constantly at work improving the type, and the survival of the fittest; age by age lifted up the general plane of beauty. As civilization grew, women no longer trudged with heavy burdens through rain and blinding heat after nomad husbands, and their feet grew delicate and lightly arched. The richer wives resigned the coarser labors to their servants, and used their fingers only to spin delicate threads, to make rich needle-work, to knit, to thrum the strings of mandolin and lute, to curl the silken tresses of their infants and smooth the brows and bind the wounds of their lovers and warriors. The palms grew like Desdemona's, moist and tender, the nails, no longer broken with coarse labor, gleamed like the delicate, transparent nacre of a shell. The skin, protected from the sun and wind, grew fair and clear as rose leaves, the lips ruddy and soft. Their hair, carefully washed and tended, wound itself into vine-like curls, and took the smooth gleam of silk. Sufficient food gave rounded contours, long hours of soft slumber sprinkled the dew in the violets of their eyes, and the movements of dance and gay motion made their limbs slender and supple, and at last the modern beauty was evolved.

Food for Thought

Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.

Those who follow after others in sinning are in danger of following them in suffering.

Happiness lies concealed in our duties, which, when fulfilled, give it forth as the opening rose gives forth fragrance.

Life to be worthy of a rational being must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past.

Knowledge bloweth up, but love buildeth up.—Bacon.

Death and love are the two wings that bear man from earth to heaven.—[Michael Angleo.

Of nothing you can, in the long run, and with much lost labor, make only—nothing—[Carlyle.

We are nearer neighbors to ourselves than whiteness is to snow or weight to stones.—[Montaigne.

One sole God; one sole ruler—His law; one sole interpreter of that law—Humanity.—[Mazzini.

The next best thing to being happy oneself is to be able to make others so. Perhaps that may be the sort of happiness they have in the next world.

There is no true happiness outside of love and self-sacrifice, or rather outside of love, for it includes the other. That is gold, and all the rest is gilt.

Anger is an affected madness compounded of pride and folly, and an intention to do commonly more mischief than it can bring to pass: and without doubt of all passions which naturally disturb the mind of man it is most in our power to extinguish, at least to suppress and correct our anger.—[Clarendon.

Here is an Episcopal joke, which is also a good lesson, in elocution. The Bishop of Peterborough, in addressing a number of candidates for ordination, said: "You will do well not to gesticulate much. I shall never forget a raw boned Irish curate I once had, with hands like legs of mutton. I can see him still working up to a peroration or leaning over the pulpit, with outstretched palms, as he exclaimed: 'Paws, me brethren, paws!'"

Queen Elizabeth's Stockings.

Lord Salisbury's exhibits from Hatfield have now been added to the Tudor Exhibition at New Gallery. They comprise the well-known portrait of Queen Elizabeth with the rainbow by Zucchero, and the curious picture of Horselydown Fair, one of the figures in which is said to represent Shakespeare. Lord Salisbury has also sent the hat and stockings belonging to the Queen. The hat is said to have been worn by Elizabeth when she received the news of her accession to the throne, and the stockings are supposed to represent the first application known in this country of silk in the manufacture of hose.

FIG. 28.—No. 4520.—LADIES' HOUSE DRESS. PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 32 to 40 inches bust measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21 inch goods, 14½ yards, or of 42-inch goods, 7¼ yards.

Ribbon velvet, 1¼ yards; velvet for collar, 3-8 of a yard.

FIG. 53—No. 4525.—GIRL'S DRESS. PRICE 20 CENTS

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 5 years, 5 1-2 yards; 6 years, 5 3-4 yards; 7 years, 6 yards; 8 years, 6 1-8 yards; 9 years, 6 1-2 yards; 10 years, 6 3-4 yards.

Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for 5 years, 2 3-4 yards; 6 years; 2 7-8 yards; 7 years, 3 yards; years, 3 1-8 yards; 9 years, 3 1-4-yards, 10 years, 3 3-8 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 2 1-4 yards of 42-inch material, 2 1-4 yards of velvet and 5 1-2 yards of trimming will be required to make the medium size.

SPRING FASHIONS ABROAD.

There is always an indefinable charm and delight about spring clothing that is lacking at other seasons of the year. The rich draperies and heavy furs of winter are donned reluctantly after one mournfully folds away summer dresses and summer memories together in autumn. But the freshness and delicacy of the spring gown is in a sense an expression of the same intoxication and exhilaration with which the flowers burst into blossoming, and which thrills the lark's song with new melody.

First there is the bonnet, about which the most remarkable characteristics are the extraordinary manner in which violently contrasting colors are combined together, and the absurd extremes of its dimensions—a spray of roses tangled in a scrap of lace or a huge plateau of straw decorated with a whole garden of flowers. Flower diadems or flower capotes are again in favor, especially in violets and in the fashionable shades of mauve and old magenta softened with purple shading. These capotes have the disadvantage of becoming speedily vulgarized, and the preference on this account promises to be for wreaths and bouquets of beautifully made velvet flowers that are too expensive to become common. Black straw hats are trimmed with black lace, jet sprays, and aigrettes. White straw hats are lined and trimmed with strong contrasts in color. One has its brim lined with dark brown velvet, a wide band of the same color about the crown, a plume of beige feather tips, shading to brown, and just a touch of the sky blue which enters so much into the decoration of the new millinery.

For house dresses there is a decided fancy for trains of greater or lesser length, according to the importance and ceremoniousness of the occasion. There is a mania for girdles—long narrow affairs of bead passementerie loosely knotted and terminating in bead tassels. The Medici collar reigns supreme, sleeves cannot be too high or full, and bodices grow more and more intricate in construction, and bewilderingly coquettish and fanciful in design as the skirts grow more and more simple and straight. Now the Medici collar makes a short woman look dumpy, a plump one look broad shouldered and stout; the new seamless bodices require a faultless figure, for they bring out every defect most mercilessly, but the shortest woman will sport the tallest collar and the girls with most ambitious and aggressive shoulder blades will wear the smoothest waists. It is the way of the world.

Renovating Black Silks.

Plain black silks may be "renovated," in making over old dresses, in various ways. A very simple way is to lay the silk flat on the table; wipe the surface with a woolen cloth to remove the dust; then boil an old pair of black gloves in a quart of water, let it cool, and with the liquid wash the silk by using a soft sponge; while still wet turn the silk over, first spreading an ironing-cloth underneath, and with a flatiron as hot as can be used without scorching, iron it on the wrong side. Colored silks may be renovated in this way by boiling a pair of gloves of the same color in the water. For common black silks or ribbons, in cases where the matter is less important, a mixture of equal parts of strong tea and vinegar makes a very good washing liquid; the silk in this case should be ironed on the wrong side before it is quite dry. To clean silks that are very much soiled, take potatoes, wash and peel them, grate them to a fine pulp, add a pint of water to a pound of pulp, and strain through a coarse sieve. This makes a very good potato starch, which settles to the bottom. Then pour off the clear, mucilaginous liquor, which is the best article known for cleaning silks. Put a linen sheet on the table, spread the silk on this, and with a sponge dipped in the potato liquor give it a thorough washing; then rinse once or twice in clear water; after this iron as above. For common use in a small way, without waiting, potatoes peeled may be used by cutting off the end and rubbing flat surface on the silk, repeating the slicing to secure a fresh surface. If the silk is covered with grease spots take two ounces of spirits of wine, one ounce of French chalk, and five ounces of pipe clay powdered fine. Make this into a paste and roll into a stick and let it dry. Then moisten the grease spot or the end of the stick and rub it on the silk, brushing it off occasionally until the grease is all removed. This may be done before the whole fabric is cleaned by the process above described.

He Had to Be Polite.

Woman enters a street car in Toronto and a man jumps up and urges her to take his seat. The man goes out on the rear platform of the car and an acquaintance remarks:

"You are getting to be excessively polite. This is the first time I ever knew you to get up and give a woman your seat."

"This was a case of necessity, my dear boy."

"Ah! Who is the woman?"

"My wife."

"What, and a case of necessity?"

"Yes, for if I am not polite she might not grant me the divorce."

Our Old Maids

We can go back to the history of Adam to find the first old bachelor; but I have no record of who the first old maid was, or where she came from. I think she must be like Topsy—"Neber was borned; jess growed." Still, if we consult modern history, we may be able to find the pedigree of more than one. They are a great deal like the historical mule—They never die, but just vanish. It seems to me that they must be terribly lonesome during their existence on this mundane sphere, and their life must be a "barren ideality." I can imagine a band of old maids bewailing their fate, and, as the poet very candidly says:

"Above us a passion-flower opens the sky,
And earth in its languor half closes its eye.
For hours are but cloud-drifts that silently fly,
And love is a vision, and life is a lie."

There are several reasons why old maids exist, but to explain them would be a task that is beyond my power. They live now, and will until the end of time. No town can be without them, or, at least, should be without them. It is a hard thing to decide just when a lady does become an old maid, for the older she gets the less frequent her birthdays become. We have asylums for every class of afflicted people but the old maid. Perhaps such an institution would not pay. (If anybody will start an asylum I will take the contract to furnish pet cats of all color, creed and denomination.)—When an old maid gets so old that all her chances, like sunbeams, have passed her by, she becomes crabbed, crusty and selfish, and vents her spite upon any and everybody, bemoaning her wretched condition and lonely state. I think Miss Gossip was the name of the first old maid, and she still has members of her family living and very active—all old maids, but there are exceptions. I have seen many pleasant and handsome old maids in my time, and with dispositions just as sweet as could be asked for. This is the kind that make a person forget the Gossip family of old maids, and who are such of their own accord, and not because they couldn't help it. Perhaps I am judging the old maids in general too harshly. Methinks that could we but fathom the many ins and outs of their past lives, we would yet find some kind remembrance, and a tender spot away down in the corner of their hearts for some dear one of "Auld Lang Syne." And again, if we could but follow them into the secrets of the past we might find them reading over old, well-worn letters, or gazing fondly at some treasured trinket, or looking with tear-bedimmed eyes at the image of one who was dearer to them than they themselves would dare to admit. Still the world moves on, and when that great day comes perhaps that much-abused "old maid" will sit at the right hand of Him who doeth all things for the best.

But enough. Let us treat them kindly and not pry into the secrets of the past nor jar the golden chords of memories dear to them.

"Oh, dinna add to other's woe,
Nor mock it with your mirth,
But give ye kindly sympathy
To suffering ones of earth."

Aphorisms.

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.—[Bolingbroke.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity —[Locke.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about; and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any others against whom it is directed.—[Clarendon.

Compliments, which we think are deserved, we accept only as debts, with indifference; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favors given away. —Goldsmith.

Nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—[Pope.

It is often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter being sometimes forgot.—[Chesterfield.

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.—[Witherspoon.

Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counselled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—[Franklin.

Effect of a Refusal of a New Bonnet

Husband—"Mary, I saw a very handsome bonnet as I came down the street this morning."

Wife—"Handsome bonnet! Well, suppose you did?"

H.—"I thought it would become you well."

W.—"Become me? I don't want any more bonnets than I have now."

H.—"You don't want another and newer fashioned bonnet?"

H.—"Certainly not,"

The husband fell to the floor and died, and now his wife wonders what killed him.

The Intellectual Capacity of Woman.

It has taken some centuries to convince men that women are truly capable of rising to any position above that of slavery—socially and physically. It may take another century or two to convince the world of the fact that a woman, given the same intellectual advantages and education as a man, will prove, intellectually, his equal. For the world is conservative in respect to women, and it is doubtless difficult for those who have enjoyed complete superiority and sway for so long a time, to realize that, in the increasing battle for existence they are confronted by a rival. And the presumption of such rivalry takes them aback. The popular argument is that these smaller, delicate beings, with whiter hands and long hair, and with the badges of servitude clinging to their very garments are physically and therefore mentally incapable of taking an equal place with man in the intellectual world. And when, as is the case very often, women overcome the disadvantages of their position and win a place for themselves in the world, the example is quoted as a peculiar one, which is not likely to occur again.

But experience is gradually proving the contrary. Women having had greater educational advantages in the last few years, have proved themselves able to appreciate them, and to bring their refined and cultivated intellect to bear upon the practical and social questions which affect them and the stronger sex equally. It is, after all, the environment of a life which greatly influences its growth. Given surroundings of frivolity, and a woman will grow up frivolous, without aim or use; but in a healthful, intellectual environment, she will acquire earnestness of purpose and thought. The names of Elizabeth Browning, and Mary Somerville, and George Eliot, are so undoubtedly crowned with due honour, that no eulogy is needed to augment their fame. They are examples of talented women, just as Carlyle, Scott, and Browning are examples of talented men: and in Mrs. Browning and Mary Somerville we see how perfectly possible it is for women to be true examples of womanhood as well as of intellectual power—to be loved and reverenced for their purity and goodness, as well as admired for their work.

"Much learning" did not unsex them, nor need it ever, for true knowledge can but make the learner more humble and more willing to learn—aye, and more patient too, for no woman can achieve any intellectual triumph without paying a price for it. Physical weakness hinders, though it does not crush mental effort, and, in the words of one who in marvellous creative power is unrivalled among women, "Knowledge through suffering entereth."—Great Thoughts.

The Queen of Spain

The present Queen is a Princess of the House of Hapsburg. She is the daughter of the Princess Elizabeth, a lady who has always been considered the most charming of the Austrian Archduchesses. She is a woman well advanced in years, and has been twice married to Austrian Archdukes and twice widowed. A special favourite with the Emperor, she embellishes the whole family life of the Hapsburgs by her wit, her physical charms, preserved even into mature middle age, and her social talents. Her children seem to have inherited some of her originality and force of character. Thus, her eldest son insisted upon making a love marriage, espousing in 1878 a daughter of the Duke Croy, a marriage without precedent in Austrian Royal annals, and which caused not a little flutter, as the Prince insisted that the union should be treated as an equal one, and his wife regarded as Archduchess. It is his sister who is the present Queen Regent of Spain. The Princess was but twenty-one when she left Vienna to unite herself to Alfonso, and had therefore lacked time to take any important place in Austrian society. Nevertheless, it was felt by the Viennese Court that an attractive figure departed with the Archduchess Christina, who harboured a good heart, open to noble sentiments, under a pleasing exterior.

What Makes Wrinkles

We are told by some scientists that wrinkles are due to a gradual wearing away of flesh underneath the cuticle; others declare them come from a drying up of the epidermis.

I am inclined to the latter theory as being the more reasonable of the two, and one which can bring artificial aid to bear upon. If the epidermis becomes dry we can apply olive oil beaten to a cream with very little rose water. A lady who is advanced in years (indeed, she has reached her sixtieth birthday), has a lovely complexion and no wrinkles. When asked her reason for believing that she possessed the secret of perpetual youth, she laughingly replied that she had found the fountain of youth, for herself, in olive oil and rose water. She also says that patent face powders are to be shunned, and preference given to "drop" or prepared chalk, which is harmless, cheap and *lasting*, having a peculiar clinging quality, and is not "dead white," but yellowish in tone.

The olive oil and rose water should be applied directly after the skin is washed in good mild soapsuds, rinsed and then thoroughly dried. Rub the ointment into the skin until it is entirely absorbed. Then apply the chalk, if it is day time, and even in rough weather the skin will not become chapped.

RIGHTED AT LAST.

CHAPTER III.

Still in "the glimpses of the moon" our story demands to be continued. The harvest moon it is that now shines full and clear over Perran Head. A splendour of light covers the calm sea, extending from the horizon on a silver pathway that grows wider and brighter till it breaks in gleams of lambent ripple along the foot of the cliff. The galaxy, like a veil of diamond-dust, winds across the firmament, and all the air is luminous, save where there hangs, as it ever does, a dim shadow between the sea-line and the great source of light above it.

Five years have lapsed since the disappearance of Lord Tregarth, and, so far as the principals in this narrative are concerned, a few sentences will suffice to chronicle them.

Samuel Haddock was committed for trial upon a charge of murder, but the case against him utterly broke down. No proof that his original statement could be considered anything less than true was forthcoming; indeed, a most thorough investigation rather tended to support it. Upon the summit of Folly Tower, where the chief interest first centred, was discovered a spirit-flask (identified without difficulty) and a pool of blood, which the injury to Haddock's forehead sufficiently explained. Not a fragment of any clue to his lordship's position could be gathered, however. The cliffs were scanned, the narrow beaches beneath them searched, and many miles of coast-line examined, but no trace or sign of the vanished lord resulted. Tregarth Court and those within its gates also came in for a considerable share of this universal inquiry, though, with the rest of the neighborhood, it proved quite unable to furnish any solution of the enigma.

Haddock, therefore, was ultimately acquitted, and returned to his own, who by no means regarded him as a hero. Joan also found her position in Perranpol the reverse of pleasant, and her recent actions gave color to a vast collection of unedifying stories, now circulated about the village. But while she laughed to scorn malicious rumour, Samuel found himself unable to face the suspicions, regarding his part in the mystery, none pretended to conceal. He suddenly left Perranpol, until such time as the evil odour of his past actions had dispersed. He declared his intention of earning considerable sums of money in an enterprise now making progress not far distant, and urged Joan strongly to accompany him. This she refused to do, but bound herself, under a solemn promise, to remain his affianced bride, limiting the period, however, with the business instinct of all the Silvers, to five years. Lord Tregarth, having legally ceased to exist, was followed in the title by a younger brother; and, with the advent of this youth, peace, blessed beyond description, as compared to the recent months of turmoil, once again brooded over the land. Past events could not be set aside, but the new master, a lad hardly more than arrived at his majority, was eager to please. Books he loved, cared nothing for power, whilst attaching supreme importance to peace and seeking the readiest way to secure it from the first. A simple action went far towards gaining this desired end. Lord Tregarth reinstated the former bailiff, and bid him at all times act in a manner that should best chime with the wishes of the greater faction.

Up till the present Folly Tower had remained as the workmen left it on the night of the late lord's disappearance; and now arose a question as to whether it should be completed or pulled down. Perranpol was divided upon the point, but seeing that St. Mary's Chapel had gone beyond human power of restoration and that some sort of landmark was desirable to distinguish the headland from other more western promontories, the fishermen prayed that the tower might stand; so, agreeably to their wishes, Lord Tregarth let the work be done. With time the grass grew green where lime and heavy cart-wheels had destroyed it; the rabbits, frightened far inland, returned to the deserted burrows; the gloomy edifice itself became familiar to all eyes. But Perranpol hated it, and the very babies were taught to do the same. A sinister history arose from Folly Tower, a history destined to degenerate into tradition, had no concluding chapter of fact lurked in the near future to complete it. That Samuel Haddock was in reality responsible for the disappearance of their common enemy most of his fellow-villagers believed, as did others with more brains than they. Among the deep holes on the eastern side of Perran Head, where black conger were caught on winter nights, it was generally suspected that the murderer had buried his secret, but proofs to support this opinion were unattainable. That Folly Tower had been the actual theatre of a crime none doubted; and to the vulgar herd it became accordingly haunted by ghostly things innumerable; nor were there wanting those who could swear to personal contact with such apparitions. Perhaps there might be half a dozen people in Perranpol who would have ascended the stair of Folly Tower after dark, certainly not more.

And of these exceptions, two now sit together beneath it, looking out over the silver waters.

Fred Dando would no more have asked Joan to marry him and break her word to her old lover, than would she have dreamed of doing so; but as year followed year and Samuel Haddock threatened to become but a memory in his old home, a tacit understanding arose between them that their friendship could only have one termination. Fred loved the girl with all his heart, and she did not hide her affection for him. Joan was a woman now, and real regard, blinded by no childish admiration for supreme physical strength or supposed obligations to her bygone giant parent, possessed her heart. Juster ideas of life and its obligations occupied her thoughts; she had passed with good to herself through the furnace of evil opinions, had disarmed her enemies, and was now worthily upholding the reputation of Perranpol Silvers for honest thrift and kindly charity to their poorer neighbors. All loved Joan and all admired and respected Fred Dando. It would be a fine thing to see such a couple man and wife, the old people declared, and the young ones laughed at them for postponing the inevitable until the term of Joan's promise was reached. But, though none had ever heard of or from Haddock since his departure, neither Joan or Fred for one instant ignored the possibility of his return; a thunderbolt at all times threatened from the clear sky of their lives, and they lived prepared for it. While such love as Joan might have once felt for the unfortunate bricklayer had long since departed, her faithful promise to marry him by no means did so. *That* she regarded as sacred, and to be cancelled by nothing but time. Her simple rules of conduct, however, made it no dishonor or sin to plan the future, supposing her contract with Samuel Haddock should never require fulfilment. Fred was of the same mind, and so the strange, qualified courtship continued, until but a month was wanting to set them free.

And now sitting smoking his pipe by her side in the moonlight, young Dando is of opinion that preliminary steps may at last be undertaken. He has just asked Joan if he may put up the banns next Sunday, and she has shaken her head with a smile.

"Who knows he's not in that very vessel, Fred?' she answered, pointing to the black hull of a steamer hastening across the broad tract of light below.

"Don't fear, Joan. Sam Haddock never means calling Perranpol 'home' again."

But he does not press the point, feeling perhaps ashamed of having raised it, and silence falls upon them once more, this time broken by Joan. Looking up among the stars, she has seen a meteor shoot through the sky.

"Dost reckon, Fred, what Mother Vallack tells about falling stars is true?"

"I know nought about them," answered Mr. Dando.

"She says they are burning brands plucked out from heavenly fires and hurled by the angels against fiends and devils, if they be seen wandering too near the holy angels," explained Joan.

"Like enough. But maybe those who guard them gates would bide a bit and hear even what a poor devil had to say; for the more mercy you wants the more there is to spare for you up there, Joan."

Fred puffed his pipe, and neither spoke until a sudden footfall caused both to look round. It came nearer and nearer; at last, Folly Tower alone separated them from the traveller. Then out from the black shadow of it he staggered into the moonlight and they saw him standing by them.

It was Samuel Haddock, altered somewhat for his years of toil under tropic suns. His broad face was tanned red as the beard beneath it, gold rings glittered in his ears, he wore a sailor's clothing, and his nautical roll seemed at present aggravated, for Samuel was the worse for liquor. He had been paid off that morning, and travelled from Plymouth without waiting for his kit. What caused this detour to Folly Tower, however, was only known to himself.

For a moment none spoke a word. Joan's heart gave a great and terrible throb, her soul froze within her; mingled emotions, like a palpable cloud, blinded her, and then, scarce realizing what she did, she stood between them and held out a trembling hand to each. Fred could not speak, his jaw had fallen and his clenched fists were pressed against his heart. The wanderer, too drunk to appreciate the significance of what he saw, hardly noticed anything but Joan. Then, as he put his great arms round her, did the cloud lift and the future loom out clear and ghastly before the girl; then, as she felt his heavy kisses on her cheek, heard his drunken laugh of delight in her ears, did she shut her eyes and set her teeth to stay the scream of agony bursting from her heart. She had loved this, with this must she live for ever.

Fred Dando came to the rescue.

"Don't kill her, Sam," he said hoarsely, pulling Haddock away. "You've nigh scared her to death; don't kill her."

Haddock did not take this interference in good part.

"I know *you*," he answered. "You're Dando, what I've laced black and blue afore now, and will again if you rouse me to it. What do fisherboys want along with my Joan? It's me, lass——" turning to her. "It's me: Sam, safe and hearty as can be Speak to me, Joan. Let me hear your voice or I'll go mad."

"I never thought to see you more, Sam," she said, in tones that sounded like the far away murmur of the sea.

"What—you ain't gone back on your word—you, a Silver!" he asked with an ugly glance at the other man, who now stood by the cliff's edge looking out over the water.

"No, Samuel. Five years—I minded that."

"There, I knew it, I knew it. Fair and true you always was, and will be. Lord love us all, I've a sight of strange things to tell thee."

"We had better go from here," said Dando huskily, as he turned from the sea.

"Why, you're in the right, lad, answered Mr. Haddock, whose anger had evaporated suddenly, as it often will with those in his condition. "And I'll take it kind in you to give me an arm down the cliff, for I've forgot the road, and not being used to honest home drink these many years, don't feel the thing exactly."

As they turned to go, the wanderer caught sight of an oaken door at the base of Folly Tower, and it sobered him like a charm. He stood stiffly up, dropped his big walking-stick, buried the fingers of both hands in his beard, and glared at the doorway.

"God in heaven, it's him!" he ejaculated. "Round he goes, and round again. There—there—can't you see him? Be you blind?"

But the others saw nothing save the moon's reflection mirrored in the lofty windows of the tower, heard nothing but a squeaking bat, that cut the air with his ubiquitous cry.

"Gone!" declared Haddock, and laughed a defiant roystering laugh, that echoed back sharply upon them from the walls of Folly Tower. Then, muttering something about the cursed drink, he submitted to be led down to Perranpol.

Through the chaos of their shattered hopes, through the terrible sorrow that now burnt silent in the heart of each, a trivial recollection intruded, as such trifling memories will at times intrude, even upon minds brimming with great griefs. Joan and Fred thought of the night, five years ago, when they performed a like office for this man; while Haddock, all ignorant of the two worlds of misery within a yard of him, gabbled drunkenly of past achievements and of wealth untold, which, but for the villianous machinations of his fellow sailors, he should now have at his command. So he returned to his old home, and, next morning, Perranpol was seething with a new nine-days' wonder.

Samuel would never have heard from those most interested of how matters stood between Fred and Joan; but mutual acquaintances speedily put the facts before him. Thereupon he upbraided his future wife bitterly for her flagrant inconstancy, and renewed hostilities with Dando. The parson reasoned with him, the elders of Perranpol expostulated, all without result. Joan Silver, he said, had promised to marry him; she was prepared to keep her word at the present juncture; and he wasn't going to ask her to break it for anybody. Haddock it is to be noted, personally increased the pity for the present position. Sympathy, which would have flowed out for him on every side, was frozen at its source by his own conduct. An air of gloomy ferocity characterised the man; he had done no good for himself or any other during his wanderings; and now returned, little richer than he set out, save in a love for drink, which mastered him at all hours. With Joan he had no solitary thought in common, but did not waver in a dogged resolve to make her his wife against any opposition. There was none, however. The separated pair, with the strength of purpose, faced the altered tenor of their lives, kept their suffering to themselves, and never questioned Samuel Haddock's moral right to adhere to his determination.

The banns were published, and old Libby took it upon himself to forbid them, in a piping treble voice that awakened bass growls of support all round the little church. Decorum was violated and a painful scene ensued, but to no purpose whatever. Haddock decreed an early date for the ceremony, and nothing remained except to wait for it.

Should events now appear to be rushing with undue speed upon each other's heels, it is because they actually did so; and a bald chronicle of them is sufficient to include the truth of things. Neither will lengthy analysis for the mental suffering endured in certain quarters during these trying weeks be of particular service, for the day was at hand that would see these sorrows banish like an ugly vision. With Folly Tower the dream began, and there it terminated. Sudden, as a flash of lightning, came the end; the fire of heaven, indeed, was a literal cause of it.

Unusually severe gales were raised by the autumnal equinox upon the Cornish coast, and these culminated, at the time we write of, in a terrific hurricane, the like of which few could recollect. No human victims went directly to appease Bucca, the ancient storm fiend of Cornwall, a dangerous and fatal foe to mariners; but against Perran Head he brought the full blast and scope of this nocturnal tempest. Folly Tower was struck by lightning; and on its splintered summit, in the shattered masonry, upon the morning after the gale, did two adventurous boys discover a weird horror that sent them flying back to Perranpol.

Their news travelled faster than the wind, and a babel of men's voices at his cottage door soon afterwards told Haddock that something more than common was astir. A moment later and words explaining the sudden assembly, words full of frightful significance for the listener, reached his ear. A corpse

with shrivelled skin and frame almost mummified by the conditions of its air-tight entombment, was brought to light; the late Lord Tregarth, immured for five years within the massive monument of his own folly, now lay visible. Heaven, laughing at the murderer's infernal ingenuity, had torn the great tower asunder, had forced the slow hand of Time, had revealed, grinning in its granite resting-place, a hideous Nemesis from which appeal was vain.

Haddock reeled backwards, and reason threatened to desert him. For this he had sunk to the level of the beasts; for this, amid a hundred brutal expedients to gain oblivion, he had endured life. Discovery—the one thing he never feared—was now actually staring him in the face. For such a man, remorse and the reproaches of conscience were but dim ghosts that a glass of liquor always served to lay. The thought of discovery was a different matter. That, dismissed for five long years, now burst upon him with all the crushing horror of a new enemy, an enemy entirely unprovided for.

Scarcely aware of what he did, but full of blind instinct to cleave to life while yet a chance remained of doing so, Haddock made fast his cottage door even as hands were upon it; then, dropping from a back window, crept down a narrow lane and thus gained fifty yards before the hue and cry were after him. One path alone could be traversed—that which led to the shore. The sea ran very high; great cross rollers huddled, formless and orderless, into the little bay, swelling with all the force of the past gale. With one unending roar they hurled themselves upon the shining sand, rushing across it in overlapping sheets of hissing white water, and then returning, with a circular sweep, to be gathered up in the skirts of the next billow. No boat could, humanly speaking, secure a moment's life here; but straight for the boats the outcast ran. Already a worse gulf than any sea of storms yawned between him and his fellows. The terrific surf that extended two hundred yards into the bay could not frighten him. A small skiff lay just above the line of corks, driftwood, and uprooted seaweed that marked the highest point reached by the last tide. With one mighty heave Haddock got the boat down and floating before his pursuers were upon him. Out he waded, above his knees, where a smaller and less powerful man must have been instantly dragged to deep water by the rush of the undertow. Another moment, keeping her nose dead on to the sea, and heedless of the cries from shore, he pulled himself over the stern and seized the sculls.

A hundred men lost the wild frenzy born of hunting a human being; a hundred souls felt the warm spark of pity kindle before this insane battle for existence. They stood panting on the shore, and none spoke as the giant, with huge, powerful strokes, began his struggle with the breakers. Now he vanished, and a great sigh went up from the watchers, and a woman screamed; now he re-appeared, slowly toiling onwards. The waves fought to be first upon him: but again and again were they cut asunder, for the boat, though barely surmounting their foaming crests and shipping water fast, was still kept straight as an arrow at them.

Could he get through to the green water outside, where some remote chances of present safety might be supposed to lie? So the fishermen asked themselves, and forgetting all else in that moment of madness, cheered the poor wretch as he fought tooth and nail for his life. They knew—none so well—what he was suffering; they knew the danger that threatened to overwhelm him, and the enormous power and nerve being exerted against it. So they cheered the murderer from the bottom of their warm hearts; they clutch one another hard; they yell out advice to him; they get down into the surf, and they strain the eyes nearly out of their heads to follow the little boat—labouring and terribly low in the water now—as it staggers among the last of the great foaming seas.

But Haddock hears them not. His ears are full of the screaming wind, and his senses are failing one by one before a strain beyond human power to support. He does not know what emotions are stirring on shore; it is nothing to him that every watcher would come to his rescue, even at personal peril, if the attempt were possible. He only feels that a few more strokes will bring his arms powerless to his sides, and then dear life must end. The boat answers no longer to his efforts; it is settling inch by inch, and already the cold water creeps about his legs He gasps, and flings his head back. The air is full of hot, crimson clouds; upon his chest a weight of mountains crushes and, like the ghastly incubus of a dream, deadens every power. And then comes a last agonizing stroke that embodies his final hope. and carries in its sweep all his remaining strength. The right oar breaks at the thowl-pin, the sinking boat swerves, and, quicker than the flash of thought, is broadside on to a hungry, glassy cave of green and white billow, that curls and tramples and boils over it, and, rushing onwards, hurls into the sky a spray which rises and spreads in air, like smoke above a sacrifice. Over the spot a sea-bird hangs almost motionless, poised against the wind. She dips into the foaming grave below, shrieks out a wild farewell, and speeds away before the blast as though bent for Folly Tower.

Yield to numbers, brave Fred! Seek not to share the grave of the drowning creature or to alter his destiny. Where man could have but meted justice, a kindly Providence has seasoned her retribution with mercy. Better to fight out the battle of life and lose it thus; better to die free, under the sky of heaven, and leaving a thought of sorrow and a rude prayer in the hearts of those who watch the end, than behind prison walls, while a winter's dawn grows red, and only a gaol-bell mourns.

. . . . . .

Though some such reflection as the last might have occupied the mind of any thinking man who saw Samuel Haddock's death, a subsequent and unexpected revelation must have tended to modify his opinion.

Search among the poor wretch's few possessions produced a small locked money-box, which contained two sheets of a rough scrawl explaining his extraordinary actions. The reason for their existence appeared in the first paragraph; but the writer had not dared to suppose that the authorities would believe his statement, and had, therefore, kept the secret to himself.

"*Wot I done on folly tower was accident,*" he declared, "*and I wants perranpol folk to know so when I be dead and gone.*"

He proceeded to show his motives and course of operations. It appeared that, while speaking the truth concerning his own injury, he had concealed the fact that his blow directed against Lord Tregarth by no means miscarried. Striking his victim with tremendous force upon the neck, he hurled him backwards against the stonework behind. The granite killed his late lordship, and a frightful fracture at the base of the scull proved this assertion to be true. Haddock, quickly recovering from his fall, and cooled down by loss of blood, was overwhelmed to find the result of his passion. That discovery must mean death he did not question, and therefore, after discarding many hurried expedients for safety and flight, determined to pursue the course he ultimately followed. The circumstance of being skilled in mason's labour, and having every necessary at his command supported him in his task, and taking careful note of the incomplete work around him, in order that he might presently restore it to its former condition, he began the business—at first in frantic haste, and then with greater care and deliberation.

Having demolished sufficient of the inner building for his purpose, he rifled the body, and placed it within the stonework. Over it he carefully rebuilt what was destroyed; he went below, and mixed mortar to replace that he had used; he flung all superfluous stones taken from the tower into the sea. He then prepared to return home, and, though apparently suffering when accosted was in reality but little the worse in body for his gloomy adventure. The five-pound notes, he finally explained, had suggested to him the story which proved so reasonable and easy of belief.

With this narrative does our own conclude. Joan was long and dangerously ill after the wild hurry of terrible events which brought her old lover back from a distant shore and sent him away again to a still further land. But in course of time health returned. Her future shone out clear and full of sober happiness from behind the stormy days, that were gone, and now the last of the Perranpol Silvers is known under another name, and Fred Dando the happiest man in all Cornwall.

Upon Perran Head there stands, as when we first observed it, a ruin—a ruin hallowed by no sacred memory, dear to no human heart—the ruin of Folly Tower.

Almost.

Thomas Snadden was a big burly kind of a man, and a great devourer of books. I once heard him say that books were grand companions, and far preferable to the society of either men or women, dogs, horses, or cats. One day he met John Playfair and said to him, "John, I hae been glowerin' ower the warks o' the Scottish poets, frae Allan Ramsay doon-wards, and I am bound to say that Scotland is a glorious guid-wife. She has produced swarms o' the grandest poets that the warld ever saw or heard tell o', and, as sure as I am a livin' sowl, I wad e'en like to hear onybody say to the contrary." "Mr Snadden," quo' John, "wi' a' due deference to your size and your intellectual capacity, I assume the responsibility o' remarkin, that Scotland has never produced a Shakespeare." At this remark Thomas ga'e his croon a claw, and then he said, "Let that flee stick to the wa'. Shakespeare, by a' accoonts, was in Scotland, and we may gather frae that that it was in Scotland where he gathered his wit. Still, I canna gainsay the fact that Shakespeare had brains o' the very best quality, and that he was an Englishman. John, I perfectly agree wi' ane o' his critics that 'Shakespeare was almost clever enough to be a Scotchman.'"

A.: "You are so modest I don't see how you ever came to propose to your wife." B.: "That was very simple. I said nothing, and she said nothing; and so one word brought on another."

Miss Twelfthseason (speaking of her fiance): "And dear George is such a lover of antiquities," Miss Feline: "Any one would see that!" And Miss Feline will not receive an invitation to the wedding.

A Prose Poem.

Once upon a midnight stormy, a lone bachelor attorney pondered many a curious volume to his heart's forgotten lore; while he nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one gently rapping—rapping at his chamber door. "'Tis the spirits!" and he started, "rapping at my chamber door. Oh! for help! I'm frightened sore!"

Then into my chamber flitting (not even one permitting him to fly into the closet or to get behind the door), came the ghost of fond hearts broken (with many a ring and other token), and they sat them down beside him, on the dusty, bock-strewn floor—sat amidst the volumes of most venerable lore. Quoth the lawyer, "What a bore!"

"It must be something serious; this is certainly mysterious, quite an advent of the spirits—resurrection *con amore*. But I understand them mostly!"—here there came a rap so ghostly that he could not more dissemble as he had done heretofore, and his face grew pale and paler as he started for the door—down he fell upon the floor

Then there came a clatter, clatter, and his teeth began to chatter, as the spirits gathered round him, and accused him very sore; how with handsome face all smiling, and with winning words beguiling, he had charmed away the senses of fair maidens by the score! and each lass had fondly fancied 'twas her he did adore, Quoth the lawyer, "Never more!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, for the answer, strange enough, quite a relevancy bore; they began a noisy rapping—sort of spiritual clapping, which the lawyer thought could be but a fashionable encore—and again, as if his soul in that word he would out pour, did he groan out, "Never more!"

Presently his soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer—"Oh!" said he, "sweet spirits, your forgiveness I implore; on my knees, to every ghostess, who to love has played the hostess, I will promise to recant the many faithless things I swore! Will you promise then to leave me?" here he pointed to the door. Rapped the spirits, "Never more!"

"Be that word our sign of parting," said the hapless wight upstarting, "hie ye hence into the darkness, seek ye out some distant shore. In the noisy camp or forum, in the lonely *sanc. sanctorum*—such ghastly, grim, ungainly guests were never seen before. Leave my loneliness unbroken"—here he opened wide the door. Rapped the spirits, "Never more!"

So these vixen sprites of evil—spirits still, though most uncivil—they will never leave the lawyer, though in tears he may implore. At his false heart they are tapping, they are rapping, rapping, rapping, and he wishes, oh, how vainly, that his haunted life were o'er; and he often sighs—"Oh! could I but recall the days of yore, I would FLIEE—Oh! never more!"

Jalousies of Literary Women.

Why should so many literary women be jealous of each other's success? Surely, the field is large enough for all, and an audience is always ready for any one who has anything worth telling. Yet, continually do we hear literary women expressing the most spiteful—and, as a rule, untruthful—opinions of their sisters of the pen. Each accuses the other of falsely appropriating ideas, or of using a title or a plot which "years ago I thought of working out." No allowance is made for two minds running in the same channel, as is often the case in the literary world, and has been demonstrated again and again. It is never accident,—always design. Mrs. T——is slighted if you compare her work with that of Miss B——. The literary woman of established success criticizes the methods by which a younger sister is climbing the ladder of literary fame. One woman is "writing too much for her own good;" another is writing nothing because "she has written herself out." Miss L——'s success is due not to the merit of her work, but because she has won, by pretty manners or by pretty looks, the favor of a certain editor. Mrs. A——'s last article is carried by her name; had an unknown author written it, rejection would have been certain. Another literary woman has achieved success simply by a clever manipulation of the press. And so it goes, insinuation follows inuendo. It seems at times as if nothing is too unkind for literary women to say of each other and their work. Would it not be better for all if each were to apply herself to her own special work, and, where possible, reach out a helping hand to a struggling sister? Both can be done in this age of literary activity, even by those who choose to disregard principle and count commercial interests. There is plenty of room for all,—so much room, in fact, that no literary woman to-day need be afraid of another crowding uppon her heels. So long as the work is done well, she need have no fear of holding her own, and with that conviction can and should reach out the helping hand. An author who tries to assist her literary sisters strengthens her own position, and to her success comes almost unfailingly.

A prohibitionist member of an up-town club shouts "set 'em up again!" oftener than anybody else, but it is in the ball alley.

He: "I swear it, Maude, you are my first love!"
She: "I believe you, Harold; nobody but the merest novice in matters of the heart could have acted as awkwardly as you have for the last six months."

The Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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REVIEW OF FASHION.

Ladies will be safe in making up surah, India or washing silk blouses, as well as those of striped flannel, percale and gingham, for wearing with extra skirts. Skirt waists like those worn by boys, with tucked or pleated bodies, and worn with a belt will also be in vogue, and black lace waists are and will be worn with black and colored silk skirts, with a broad waist-belt or sash fastening in front under a long, carved buckle. The neck and full sleeves are finished with lace frills, turned over, and on the lower part of the front ends are draped like a fichu from the fullness brought from the shoulders.

New French bodices are without darts, the fullness laid in fine pleats shaped like a girdle, and the opening put on the left shoulder and under-arm seams, where the bodice fastens invisibly or with handsome buttons. For a slender figure a very tasteful basque has a pointed front under small pieces shaped like jacket fronts, which meet over the bust only, with a few pleats to form a slight fullness held by a buckle somewhat after the style of one of the frontispieces shown in the February number.

A low evening bodice is composed entirely of rows of black lace, and is made with uniting lines of pink velvet bows of narrow pink ribbon appearing on the back and shoulders, where the lace is so placed as to give great additional height. Nothing could well be more becoming to the figure, or more easily put on. It ends at the waist in a row of pink velvet threaded through the lace. Some dinner and theatre bodices are made with long open sleeves of lace over close-fitting ones of the bodice material beneath, or none at all. The bodice will have a V-shaped neck, draped front and pointed back. Double-breasted jerseys of very nice quality are made with sleeves and girdle of velvet, or have a large silk fichu over the shoulders, with scalloped edges.

The cording of bodices is spoken of in "Trimmings," and new combinations show the sleeves in contrast with the basque, though matching the trimmings or accessories. The princesse garments probably met with favor on account of their hanging from the shoulders, and every woman welcomes any change from heavy skirts dragging on the hips. Dainty velvet jackets over silk or lace sleeves and plastrons transform odd skirts into dressy toilettes. One of black velvet is cut in the round Figaro shape, with sleeve-caps to the elbows and edged with gold drops beneath a row of gold passementerie. The full sleeves, high collar and blouse are of red crepe, and when worn with a black silk skirt the effect is Spanish and stylish.

Cotton waists are round and full, pleated and belted or in blouse form for young ladies. Gingham and percale skirts are simply full, hemmed and gathered. Embroidery is always a neat finish, and the belt is of the material, ribbon or leather. A pearl buckle and No. 16 ribbon make a round waist look rounder and as trim as possible.

An elegant toilette for a church wedding is a princesse gown of tan-colored camel's-hair, with bodice drapings and "glove" sleeves of silk, and a trimming of gold braid. Tan gloves, a fabric and brown velvet toque, and a shoulder-cape of seal-skin are worn. Fur shoulder-capes, by the way, will be worn throughout the spring over thin dresses, and in the summer they will be used by the seaside and in the mountains when a wrap is needed.

A tea-gown has a princesse back made of a velvet leaf brocade on a gauze ground, and of so dark a blue that it looks like black; it is interthreaded with gold, which is almost invisible, but the front is one soft, graceful drapery of brilliant cherry-colored crepe de Chine, bordered on either side with pleated red frills. Ribbons confine the fullness at the waist, and a high wired Medicis collar stands up at the back. The sleeves are full and come to the elbow, and are also of the red crepe de Chine, opening on the outside of the arm, to show the skin; the skirt is exceedingly long. Another wonderful tea-gown is modeled on ancient German modes of the time of Maximilian, being made of a thick repped silk in a rich shade, something betwixt petunia and heliotrope. The whole of the back of the full bodice is gauged, and a square collar of point lace is set into a Holbein yoke and braces of dark purple velvet, embroidered silver, while the full sleeves are set into cuffs to match. Others, more simple, are made of cashmere, with a fancy silk front, and trimmed with a thick ruche of silk, resembling feathers, at a distance. Pale gray or cream is often trimmed with a dark green ruche. A silver-gray soft silk gown, trimmed with ruching of its own color and material, is a pretty becoming gown for mourning and quiet wear.

Black silk gowns for house wear are stylishly fashioned with a full blouse of gold or silver embroidered mousseline, crepe, etc, with a yoke or jacket of silk cord passementerie. Young ladies like their black silk and Henrietta gowns brightened with a yoke, girdle, collar, and cuffs of Tartan surah edged with gilt braid, and a plaid buckle in a black girdle, or a gilt one in a girdle of the surah. The skirt is slightly draped in front, and may have a border of the plaid a full width of it in the centre back, or not show any of it. The bias gowns are only suitable for perfect figures, as they "fit like wax." The bodice lining is shaped as usual, and hooked up the front, while the bias-cut bodice, without side forms of darts, buttons over the shoulder and arm seam, fitting without a fold over the front. The skirt is also cut on the bias, with very scant front and sides, and a gathered back; the only full portions of the costume is the sleeves.

Pointed bodices fastened down one side are frequently cut with a V at the neck, which is filled in, and surrounded with ornamental buttons. The collar, a pointed belt, and sleeves are of velvet and a velvet "sham" on the skirt is shown where the full front is draped on the right side. Although skirts still have straight effects, more drapery is creeping in, like Arab folds in the back, jaboted sides, Grecian aprons, or fronts in clusters of pleats high on the sides; and one of the prettiest backs is hooked up over the pointed basque.

A very small bustle is worn with a basque or princesse dress if the form needs it; while round waists worn with a sash may go without. One reed, twelve inches below the belt, or two elastics hold the skirt back properly if ladies object to the reed, as many do. A good deal of latitude is allowed nowadays in the way of comfort and individual taste when an attractive or stylish woman takes it, otherwise untold latitude is not a success.

LITERARY NOTES.

Wide Awake for April opens with a burst of Easter beauty and hope; the frontispiece, by W. L. Taylor, "Easter Offerings," embodies the spirit of youth and bloom and gladness, while Mr. Butterworth's beautiful story, "The Pilgrims' Easter Lily," ought to go far to settle the question of America's national flower. W. J. Rhees of the Smithsonian Institution, under the title, "What's In a Name?" gives a brief history of the English founder of the famous institution at Washington, with three portraits of Smithson, and then goes on to give fifty or more examples of the mistaken ways in which people address letters to the Institution. The Difficulties of a Darling," by Mrs. L. B. Walford, is an amusing story of the way a little sister proved her devotion. "How Simon and Sancho Panga helped the Revolution," is a first-rate true historical story by Olive Risley Seward. "Work and play," by Mrs. Fremont, is another true story of this number, showing a delicate woman's business energy and success. "Nervy's Wicked Summer," by Lucia Chase Bell, is also true, evidently; the kind of story that children read eagerly. "The Fugitives of French Cross" is a pathetic Acadian story, true also, by Grace Dene McLeod. The other departments and features of this foremost young people's periodical are fully sustained. *Wide Awake* is $2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

Scribner's for April is a superb number. "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," by Benjamin Ellis, which commanded so much attention in the March issue, is concluded; "Expiation,' Octave Thanet's clever story is also concluded "In the Valley," the serial by Harold Frederic, is continued, and the instalment is most entertaining; "John Ericsson, the Engineer," illustrated by M. J. Burns, J. D. Woodward, V. Perard, J. Reich, and A. F. Leicht; engraving by G. Kruell, T. Johnson, Tietze, Van Ness and Schussler, is concluded; "The Point of View" contains articles on a variety of interesting topics, and the whole number is especially attractive.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

If you happen to pick up at a fashionable auction a fine bit of china in the shape of a cup, the saucer of which is lacking, you must stand it on your toilet table among your silver, keep it half filled with pink powder, and a very fluffy puff with a silver handle fills the other half. If the cup happens to be Royal Dresden the effect is particularly good.

Velvet sleeves form part of every costume, and are reviving the little sleeveless jackets of a few years ago, as no coat sleeve can be made large enough to go on without crushing their soft fulness. The sleeves are cut with one seam only, the lining being the only part that has a seam at the back, and the upper part being drapped or puffed on the lining and much raised at the shoulder.

Another quaint fashion lately reinstated in favor is the evening dresses with long sleeves and extremely decollete bodices. These sleeves are sometimes so long they extend to the knuckles when they spread out a little; the upper part is puffed, but from the elbow to the wrist they fit the arm closelp. With them are worn evening gloves with a single button, fastening their extreme by short twists, which are frilled about with broad dainty lace falling over the hand.

Have you seen the new pencils? The perfumed ones? You don't need to put sachets in with your bodices, or throw a liquid scent on them, risking staining the cloth, but you just keep one of these dainty little trifles, and you mark the inside of your gown here, there, and everywhere with it, and from this comes a delicate odor of your favorite essence. Of course this comes from France, the country where an exquisite scent is supposed to surround a woman as it does a flower.

A good tailor could make a smart frock or jacket out of a coffee bag. This sounds exaggerated, but just look about and see the driving jackets that are made of that heavy linen which is used for men's tennis breeches. It's mode color makes you think at first that it's cloth, and you have to feel it to be absolutely sure that isn't. It has a semi-loose back that is held in by a belt and a double-breasted front with buttons that are beautifully enamelled. The sleeves are loose enough to give full play to the arms, and no matter how the ponies may pull, that proper fulness in the back keeps the coat from riding up, and does not make the good driver feel as a tight coat would, that the seams are all going to burst. A woman can make a frock, a tea gown, or a dinner dress, but there is no doubt about it, it takes a man to make a coat.

The severity of styles in dress demand a richness and sumptuousness of material to make gowns original, rich, and difficult to vulgarize. The skill of the artist in needlework and painting is required to produce satisfactory results. Ordinary silk embroidery, elaborate work in gold and silver thread and colored beads, raised flowers of every description, so modelled and wrought that they have the exact appearance of the natural blossoms, are all employed in the decoration. Velvet orchids outlined with fine chenille are beautiful on a ground of pale pink or blue faille, with every stalk and leaf painted by hand with most delicate finish. A sky blue satin ground has an elaborate design worked in jet, with long sprays of convolvulus made of sky blue crepe in the exact shape of the flower; and acorn colored crepe de Chine is ornamented with tufts and garlands of Parma violets made of silk and painted in imitation of the natural flower. Black lace appliques are another favorite decoration; the separate patterns of the lace, generally large flowers or sprays cut clear of the wet ground and appliqued at intervals over the skirt, which should be of some bright shade, either in red or sky blue.

Care of the Teeth.

At the meeting in Berlin last spring of the German Association of American Dentists, the best means of preserving the teeth were discussed, and Dr Richter of Breslau said:—"We know that the whole method of correctly caring for the teeth can be expressed in two words—brush, soap. In these two things we have all that is needful for the preservation of the teeth. All the preparations not containing soap are not to be recommended, and, if they contain soap, all other ingredients are useless except for the purpose of making their taste agreeable. Among the soaps the white castile soap of the English market is especially to be recommended. A shower of tooth preparations has been thrown on the market, but very few of them are to be recommended. Testing the composition of them we find that about ninety per cent, are not only unsuitable for their purpose, but that the greater part are actually harmful. All the preparations containing salicylic acid are, as the investigations of Fernier have shown, destructive of teeth. He who will unceasingly preach to his patients to brush their teeth carefully shortly before bed-time, as a cleansing material to use castile-soap, as a mouth-wash a solution of oil of peppermint in water, and to cleanse the space between the teeth by careful use of a silken thread, will help them in preserving their teeth, and will win the gratitude of the public."

If There be One

If there be one, in all the world,
Whose heart is true, oh, be not sad,
Tho' all the rest fall off from thee,
If one be true, give thanks, be glad.

Say not that love is but a lie,
Say not that men but play a part,
If thou dost find a place that's thine
In but one faithful human heart.

While one star shines to lamp the Night
Thou canst not doubt the sky'll be blue:
Thou darest not doubt that God is good
While thou dost find one heart that's true.

Nor dost thou die when thou dost go
Down to the grave—tho' thou art torn
From loving arms—thou livest on,
If there be one that's left to mourn.

Thou livest on in that fond heart,
Forever young, forever fair;
Aye, e'en in Time's and Death's despite,
Tho' mortal, thou'rt immortal there.

And tho' thou dwell'st among the saints,
Thy mission here it is not done.
While still, to hold thee in his heart
Of hearts, there haply be but one.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

BY EVELYN THORP.

Mrs. Estes looked at her friend Mrs. Haslitt a moment and laughed—a very sweet peal of laughter, indeed.

"I believe"— her fine eyebrows went up a little—"I really believe—yes—that you are in love with your husband! You, Beatrice Howland!"

The younger woman flushed, then smiled a little ironically, perhaps a little bitterly.

"Is it so very extraordinary—if I am?"

"Very."

Mrs. Estes got up with a rustle of soft silk. She was a very pretty woman; one who still looked very young. In her "set" what woman ever ceased to look young until she was quite, quite old? She was a divorcee. The fact obliged her, as she herself said somewhat plaintively, to be very careful (she did not say these things before Beatrice Haslitt).

Standing near the heavy hangings of the drawing-room door she glanced back. Yes—Laura Estes never underrated other women's good looks; she found one made absurd mistakes by doing so—yes, Beatrice was handsomer than she had ever been. It was not the marvelous tea-gown alone (how Beatrice used to make over her frocks, to be sure!). The surroundings of, probably, the most magnificently beautiful drawing-room in town did not produce the illusion, either, though these things were potent. No; that was the look women had when they loved the man they had married.

"Yes, you are in love with your husband," Laura repeated softly, evenly. "You who married for money—just for money. Think of it!"

Beatrice Haslitt flushed again.

"Oh, my dear, we both did that, I think," she replied coolly. "Only, your marriage was not quite so successful as mine!"

Would the woman never leave her alone? Her visits, though they were not frequent, threw Arthur Haslitt's wife into a nervous agitation that would last, carefully repressed as it was, for hours. Ah, bah! What did it signify, after all? Laura was a disappointed woman. Laura—poor Laura—had been a little envious always, even in the past and gone schooldays. Why should she, Beatrice Haslitt, mind what she might say? Arthur Haslitt's wife could afford to be generous. She had everything—everything!

A little cathedral clock in a further room tolled a musical hour and at the moment the hangings of the door were pushed aside. The color deepened in her cheek; the light rose higher in her eyes. Daintily, with the coquetry of a happy woman, she advanced toward her husband. His back was turned toward the light. She did not see his face. Close upon him, she paused and raised her own, all the glory of its sumptuous beauty, all the flush of her love upon it.

"Arthur!"

With a little laugh—she thought it was a jest—she caught the lapels of his coat in her jeweled hands and shook him tenderly, playfully. Then, for the first time, Arthur Haslitt moved.

She saw his face and she staggered back.

"Arthur!" sharply this time.

"No more comedies, please," he said.

The woman gave one glance into his eyes and understood. It had come. She had had premonitions that it would come some time. Her past was about to face her. Without removing her eyes from his she sank into a chair.

If he would only not be so calm! She shivered.

"We will make this scene as brief as possible," said Arthur Haslitt. "There is very little that need be said, I think. It is not necessary for me to remark that I am perfectly aware that men who have been cursed with money enough to tempt women are married every day for that money. It is not thought a crime. I happen to feel differently. For years I sought a woman who could not be bought. It was my supreme ideal. You lied so successfully"—she shrank together as if he had struck her, but Arthur Haslitt went quietly on—"you lied so successfully that I thought my supreme ideal had been found in you. A letter written before our marriage and sent me to-day opened my eyes to the truth. The anonymous hand who dealt the blow I despise. The proof of my own sight I cannot refuse to believe. The letter was apparently written to some foolish lad who loved you, whom you perhaps loved as you can love in return, but to whom you preferred Arthur Haslitt, because he had millions and you were tired of poverty. You doubtless remember the letter. To conclude, this house is yours and also the country residence. My lawyer will inform you in the course of a few days of the monetary arrangements made in your behalf. I think you will find them ample. I shall myself have left within half an hour."

After that shrinking movement Beatrice had not stirred a muscle.

She sat there still, after he had gone, perfectly motionless. The rumble of carriages over the stones of the street came to her ear. The nearer stillness was unbroken. Suddenly the cathedral chimes gave one deep, bell-like note. The half hour!

Frantically she started to her feet and touched the bell. She had a strange feeling in her head. Things looked unsteady.

The butler appeared.

"Mr. Haslitt—tell him—I wish to see him immediately!"

The impassive face before her did not move.

"Mr. Haslitt has been gone a few minutes, madam."

Gone!

. . . . . .

A narrow line of plank-walk, a wooden porch with the paint chipped off, a little chill sitting-room, where a woman sat embroidering by the falling light.

This was the picture Mrs. Estes carried away with her when she went back to town.

She was a woman whose nerves were strong as iron. Had they been less so they might have quivered a little now. But this was not the case. Laura Estes thought only "What a fool!"

What a fool had Beatrice Haslitt been to give up everything to which she was entitled as Arthur Haslitt's wife! What Quixotism! Of course it had been done to show her husband that money was as naught to her, after all. But it was Laura Estes' opinion that she might as well have spared herself all such self sacrifice. Arthur Haslitt was not so easily won back. No not so easily won either! And here the woman's eyes grew dark. Was all her scheming to be in vain? Two years she had been in Paris now, and Haslitt had been there also. But she was none the nearer to her goal. And what was her goal? Her divorce had been pending when she first met Arthur Haslitt. She had then and there determined that so soon as she was free she would marry him. She had never loved any one in all her cold, selfish life; but she loved him. When he married Beatrice Howland it had been a blow which she had sworn to herself nothing would ever make her forget or forgive. She would separate them—she would force him to love her! Women there are as unscrupulous as this, and we meet them every day. They wear a smiling face, and who suspects them?

Mrs. Estes was going to the ball that night. Her maid dressed her as carefully as usual. She wore jewels in her hair. Her eyes were clear, her color lovely. There was no prettier woman present.

One man's gaze watched her carefully, ceaselessly, as she moved about the rooms. He did not approach her yet. He bided his time, and toward the close of the night it came.

Mrs. Estes looked up to see a tall, grave fellow standing before her. For an instant the lovely color fluctuated.

"Frank Gordon! My dear cousin, you here. The world thought you in Patagonia, or heaven knows where!"

"So long as I have returned will you not give me a little of your society?"

He stood waiting. Laura passed her hand under his arm. Beyond the supper room was a small conservatory, he led her directly there. She faced him with a steady smile.

"Dear me, how dramatic you look," she half sneered. She wondered, nevertheless, what made her heart beat so fast.

Gordon paid no heed. He was still a very young man, but there were those lines in his face that come only from suffering and strained mental endurance.

"Six months ago," he began, "I met in South America a friend of—Arthur Haslitt. From him I heard of his separation from his wife. The cause, my informant said, was understood to be a discovery on Haslitt's part that his wife had married him for money. Magnificent fellow as Haslitt was, no one was surprised, for that one sensitive point of his, amounting almost to mania, was well-known. On returning home a month ago—you were just about sailing from Europe, I think—it became necessary for me to look over a chest of old papers I had left behind on going to South America three years ago. Among them was a little bundle of letters very precious to me. There were only two or three or four short notes and one letter, to be more accurate. That one letter was gone.

Yes, Laura Estes' nerves were strong as iron. But this was too unexpected. Her cousin looked into the haggard face and read the confirmation of his suspicion there.

"And that," he went on, "you—took. No one, they told me, had access to the house but you. And you sent it—to Arthur Haslitt. The remembrance flashed upon me that his friend down there in South America had said something about a letter. It was a clever plan, Laura. You always were clever. But not quite clever enough—"

He turned and left her, a crouching, fierce-eyed figure, the delicate touch of rouge on her lips suddenly ghastly in contrast with her livid cheeks, the light of the subdued colored lanterns hung in the dark foliage gleaming among the faceted rays of the jewels in her hair.

. . . . . .

"Mr. Haslitt has but just returned from Europe. He sees no one," said the clerk, "except on very particular business.

"This is particular business."

A few moments later Gordon was ushered into Arthur Haslitt's presence. He knew him by sight, though the knowledge was not mutual. Could two years have made the change in him he saw? Why not? What had the last three years been to himself?

"My name is Gordon," said the younger man. "I am a cousin of Mrs. Estes."

Haslitt bowed.

"Frank Gordon," amended the other.

Something like the reflection from a flash of lightning went over Arthur Haslitt's face.

"Then I think we can have nothing much to say to each other."

"Stay! We have! Much! You received a letter once addressed to me. It is but right you should see this one as well. It has never left me for three years. It was written, observe, after the first."

The second letter lay before Arthur Haslitt's eyes—the second letter in his wife's hand writing, addressed to the same man. For an instant there was the savage impulse upon him to spurn it, to tread it under foot. Then sanity, some measure of common sense, triumphed. He raised the letter with a hand that shook.

DEAR FRANK, we have been good friends ever since we were children and so I must say a word to you now. You have been foolish enough to think you cared for me in another way, but you will feel differently some day, and meantime, while I can never love you as you mean, I shall always care for you as my dearest friend. I wrote you a letter not so long ago when you first asked me to marry you. Do you remember? In it I told you I would never marry any but a rich husband, I was so weary of being poor. Now I have something very different to say and I say it that you may know that it is not poverty that kept me from loving you. This man, whom I first thought of marrying only for money—this man, Frank, I have come so to love that now should he ask me to follow him barefoot from door to door through the world I would go and think myself happier than any Queen.

I do not say this to hurt you, poor boy! but that you may do me a little justice in spite of the awful criminal folly of my past words. BEATRICE.

"That you may do me a little justice."

The paper floated from Arthur Haslitt's hand to the floor.

. . . . . .

A bare litte house on the outskirts of a suburban village and a woman embroidering by the falling light.

The light grows more and more dim before the night shadows and by and by the tired eyes turned away and the hands drop listlessly in the lap.

Oh, the weary years that stretched before! Oh, the agony of a guilt love, a spoilt life!

Beatrice Haslitt lays her head back and between the half-closed lids something burns that cannot drop.

There is the snap of a closing gate, a step on the walk, a hand on the door. It is half open. Some one enters. Beatrice for the first time looks up.

"Beatrice! My wife! Forgive!"

He had an auburn-haired girl and promised to take her out sleighing. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed: "Hello!—ready?" She misunderstood him and they don't speak now.

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
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I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON;
getting fat fast, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."
Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

While the Child Lived.

This death-scene was the strangest I had ever witnessed. Quite in the center of the room, which was furnished with every conceivable luxury and made beautiful by bright silk draperies and flowers, was a bed which seemed a world too wide and too long for the frail infant that lay upon it, slowly breathing its short life away. An embroidered screen was spread out at its head to shield it from the draughts, and the brilliant hues, so deftly mingled that they seemed a shimmering mass of undistinguishable color, made more noticeable the waxen pallor of the dying child—a child who had been always delicate, and who could never hope to gain health or strength even if it lived, therefore whose dreaded loss could notsurely be the sole cause of that tragedy of the emotions which was being enacted before me.

Strangely enough, the two who should have been drawn together by this common trouble seemed held apart by it. Each met it in a different manner, yet neither with that resignation which I, knowing the facts of the child's case, had expected. Like a statue stood the mother, so erect and motionless, the straight-falling folds of her severe white morning-gown tending to complete the illusion. Her features also were hard and absolutely as expressionless as marble, though once as she raised their heavy lids I saw in her eyes a suppressed gleam—more like fear than sorrow. It was as though she were paralyzed by some resistless dread. Tears and warm soft grief I could understand; it is natural a woman should cling to a first and only child, even though its retention may mean life-long misery for itself and her; but this deep, silent agony of mind or heartless callousness, whichever it might be—I confess was quite beyond my comprehension, and I turned to her husband to see if I could learn anything from his aspect that would help to solve the problem.

Jack Carisfort's face wore no such impenetrable mask. He was white and haggard-looking, and his pleasant gray eyes, blurred with a not unmanly moisture as they met my gaze, were expressive of very real feeling, that yet—as I studied him more attentively—I could not help fancying—was connected only in a secondary degree with their threatened bereavement. It appeared as if he were suffering another pain through this; and the eager glances which sped frequently in my direction—as though I were the Delphic Oracle, and possessed of superhuman powers to bring my prophecies to pass—were full of anxiety, and surely this time it must be my imagination suggested fear.

Had I been unaware of the true circumstances of their marriage, I might have allowed fancy to run riot in an opposite direction. I might have supposed him passionately devoted to a wife who had no love to give him in return, and by that means come to the conclusion that jealousy of the child, which had, perhaps, been nearer to her heart, was the keynote of his mysterious attitude towards her. But this could not be so, I knew. Since I entered the room he had not addressed a word to her, save the necessary commonplaces, and all the time he had stood aloof from her, without an attempt at consolation, while she never turned to him as though expecting it. Besides which, I remembered well their wedding-day, and the disagreeable impression it had left upon my mind.

Jack's father had been an old friend of mine, and when the boy was left to fight his way in the world as best he could on his slender pay as lieutenant in the navy, I had felt a semi-paternal interest in him which I had demonstrated as often as possible in acts of practical help. He was a warm-hearted, reckless youngster, whose worst faults had been the natural ones of his age. It came upon me as a shock when the report reached me that he was deliberately intending to marry for money—a fact which he himself subsequently confirmed. "I shan't have to sponge on you any more, doctor. Do you think I don't know that you have often deprived yourself of little luxuries, perhaps necessaries, on my account?"

"It is better to accept a trifle now and then from an old friend than live altogether on the bounty of a woman," I retorted dryly.

For a moment he was confused, and a dark flush of shame suffused his face; then he answered hesitatingly:

"You are viewing it from its worst point. Suppose I happen to know—I would not say it to any one but you—that she is so fond of me, it might kill her if she thought I did not care too? Besides, she is enchantingly pretty. If she had not had this money, I should have fallen hopelesly in love with her, I expect, and that would have been more awkward, considering the circumstances, don't you think?"

But what I thought it was useless saying, as the wedding-day was already fixed, and his word pledged beyond recall; though when I saw the bride I felt more strongly than ever how great and irreparable a mistake he had made.

This was no mindless child, to be satisfied with sugared phrases and graceful deeds, that cost the doer nothing. If she were blinded now by love and the novelty of her position, the truth must dawn upon her eventually, and she would suffer cruelly in a knowledge come too late. Here face, with its lovely smiling mouth, and soft, sweet eyes, ever wandering towards her husband, as birds at eventide flutter round their lofty nests, haunted me for many days.

In spite of all forebodings, I was amazed that in two short years she could have developed into the stoney-eyed woman who greeted me with such cold, unnatural composure when, in answer to a telegraphic summons, I arrived just an hour before; for I had never met her in the interval, and had heard nothing to prepare me for so startling a change.

While I was pondering over these things, Jack was called out of the room; and as the door closed behind him, Mrs. Carisfort fell upon her knees beside the bed, and passionately caressed the tiny fingers that lay like snowflakes on the satin coverlet. She had thrown off all pretence of coldness. I wondered then how even for an instant I could have suspected she was lacking in sensibility or love.

"Doctor," she cried, turning her anguished eyes to mine, "tell me—*is there no hope?*"

"There is always hope," evasively. "Be patient: be submissive. Think what is better for the child," I added as an after-thought."

"God help me! I was only thinking of myself!" I laid my hand gently on her bowed head, a familiarity my age and position as her husband's friend permitted me. The cry wrung from her tortured heart had gone straight to mine. We were no longer strangers; I felt at that moment she was as much my daughter as Jack, without protestations on either side, had ever been the son of my adoption. I did not answer. It was better to leave all words unsaid than, by ill-chosen ones, touch a false or irresponsive chord; but I think the consciousness of my mute and unobtrusive sympathy had its good effect, for she looked up gratefully through tears that began to fall quietly at first, then afterwards as though the flood-gates of her heart once opened would never close again.

I went away quietly, knowing that indulgence in her sorrow would be its best relief. Down-stairs I found an elaborate cold luncheon spread in the dining-room, of which Jack insisted on my partaking, though he himself ate nothing, and flung himself down on a chair near the window after drinking a tumbler of claret at a draught.

"You'll excuse my sitting at the table, doctor; the mere sight of food turns me sick. I have scarcely swallowed a mouthful since the child was taken ill."

I might have considered this an affectation, or, at least, an exaggeration of grief, knowing the child was doomed from its birth, and that its life had been already protracted beyond their hopes; but I caught sight of his face in the sideboard mirror that fronted me, reflected between the massive pieces of shining silver plate that stood before it, and could not doubt the sincerity of his speech, though ignorant still as to its meaning. However, I could wait patiently for an explanation—it having become clear to me that not only on account of my presumed professional skill had I been summoned, but as an old friend, to give extraneous advice in some crisis of the boy's life.

He turned to me now, his eyes glittering with strong, only half-controlled excitement.

"Doctor," he broke out earnestly, "*is there no hope?*"

The same question his wife had put to me, and I answered more plainly than I had dared on that occasion, that a few hours at latest must see the end. Professionaly speaking, it was impossible the child should live.

With a deep groan Jack buried his face in his folded arms, and by degrees blurted out his story, or, at least, enough of it to make me understand the rest.

In my profession confidences are often forced upon us in moments of exaltation that are subsequently repented in cold blood, and I myself had invariably found that these indiscretions were visited on me, who if at all, had only passively offended. This resulted in my cultivating a manner so determinedly stern and unsympathetic that the most effusive were restrained by it. Even now, when I would have scattered such prudential scruples to the winds, I must unconsciously have fallen into it again, for Jack, after the first unconsidered burst of eloquence, began to falter in his recital, and something, much or little, was left to my intelligence to supply. Enough I gathered to be sure that what I anticipated had taken place The young wife had gradually discovered her husband's want of love for her, and had resented it, not in angry words or glances, but by a studied scornful indifference, most galling to one of Jack's open and impulsive disposition, especially as he was beginning to realize he had merited no better treatment at her hands.

The estrangement grew more serious every day, she going her own way with quiet, uncomplaining pride, he striving to stifle his conscience, and forget her existence in dissipations that had formerly been little to his taste; a strained state of affairs culminating at last in a passionate scene between them, when Mrs. Carisfort had declared that only *while the child lived*, for *its* sake, would she remain beneath her husband's roof. If it died she would consider herself free to go, leaving him half the money he had so degraded himself to gain.

Whether she had merely this one grievance against him, or whether her wrath had been aggravated by any deeper wrong, I could not tell. The strangest part of the story was that ever since the day they had resolved only to meet in friendly intercourse before the world to silence any rumors that might be afloat, ever since that day Jack had been desperately in love with his own wife—with less hope of ever touching her heart again than if it had never been his entirely, to do with as he would. The death of the child, which had been daily, sometimes hourly, expected, would be the signal for their separation, if in the interim he had not succeeded in proving his repentance and winning pardon with her love.

So much Jack Carisfort had told me, when a message came from upstairs begging my immediate presence.

The child was sinking fast. I could see that the instant I entered the room; and this, if it was not read in my expression, must have been divined by my order to stop all remedies and stimulants, with the intent that, all hope being over, these last moments might be peace.

In perfect silence we waited for the end. Mrs. Carisfort was on her knees as I had left her, her face still averted from my view; but the lines of her figure had lost their rigidity, and were bent in an abandonment of grief. The injured feelings she had had cause to cherish were swept away by an overwhelming sorrow for the babe who had laid in her bosom so many weary nights and days, and now was passing beyond reach of her mother love and care.

And while she watched the child, her husband was watching her yearningly, infinite pity in his gaze; all thought of self merged in the desire to lighten her grief by sharing it, knowing the impending blow would not fall so heavily if met together. But apparently they were farther apart than they had ever been before, and the slender thread that had bound them hitherto, and on which their present visionary fabric of happiness depended was slowly breaking—while I looked was broken.

A shadow falling athwart the wee pale face, a shiver running through the wasted frame, and it was all over; the child was dead.

Mrs. Carisfort staggered to her feet, and with wild eyes searched my face for confirmation of her fears. Silently I bowed my head and turned away, with an effort mastering my wish to do or say anything to comfort her; for I felt if ever the breach between those two could be bridged, it would be now, when, her love thrown back upon herself, she would more sorely feel the need of some one to turn to in her trouble. Both thought me heartless no doubt. My actions have been so often interpreted wrongly. Whose are not? I could afford to rest under this one more misconstruction, and was satisfied when I saw that things fell out as I designed.

Jack Carisfort went toward his wife with arms outstretched, such an expression in the face as must have softened her resentment, had she once looked up. But with downcast eyes she retreated blindly as he advanced, until, reaching the chamber door, she leant against it, no longer a marble statue, but a woman startled into animation, and panting in her nervous excitement like a wounded deer at bay.

"Wife, listen to me; I have a *right* to comfort you," he cried in sharp impassioned tones.

"The right is forfeited."

She spoke slowly, with that stiff utterance which is not indicative of lack of feeling, but the reverse. I, who had not mixed with my world without observing and grasping some of the contradictory intricacies that go to form a woman's character, guessed that already she was relenting, though her fingers were on the handle of the door, and the starched folds of her white gown were gathered hastily round her with a forbidding rustle to escape his contact. Jack, however, was less experienced, and his perceptions were

To Save Life

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"I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes E. Bragdon, of Palestine, Texas, "believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died."

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doubtless blunted by his strong interest in the point at issue.

"You are not leaving me? not—*for ever?*"

"Why should you care?" bitterly. "The money—as much as you want of it—is yours."

"Let the money go—to found a hospital. I will never touch a farthing. I care for nothing in the world—but *you.*"

And then, as she answered nothing, but stood there trembling:

"Think! what shall I do with my life—*alone?*"

"And I!" breathlessly. Had there been another door in the room besides the one they barred, I should have gone out at this juncture; as it was, I examined intently the flowers in the window-seat, as though I had no other interest than botany, and placed both hands over my ears in a desperate endeavor to keep their privacy intact.

At last I turned round with some preparatory noise as warning, which, as a faithful chronicler of events, I must add, was disregarded.

They were standing near the bed; he, one arm gently supporting her as she leant across his breast, with his disengaged hand softly caressing her hair. His face was very grave, yet happier than I had ever seen it before, even in early days; and though the tears were still in her sweet eyes, a tender smile played about her mouth.

Not for a moment forgetting their loss, they were conscious all the while they had won something which otherwise might never have been theirs. While the child lived, it had been a link only strong enough to keep them together in outward amity; but by its death it had drawn them so near one to the other that none could ever now divide them, save that Dark Angel who had then passed over—his terribly beautiful face veiled in mercy as he smote, his sable wings touched hopefully with light.

CANADIAN SOCIETY IN WINTER

What may be called the "season," among our Canadian neighbors, may be said to have commenced. Canada imitates closely all the social forms of England; her sets are just as exclusive as the sets of the West End of London, and the rich tradesman may shiver outside, but not pass the limit of the exclusive circle. Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government, and of the Viceroy and his family, is the place where the aristocratic feeling finds its intensest expression.

The season is now reaching its height in Ottawa. The chief social figures there are Lord Stanley and his wife, whose official residence is Rideau Hall, an old-fashion building looking upon the Rideau River, and surrounded by primeval pines. They have not given the state receptions and balls yet; but her Excellency entertains her friends at five o'clock teas, at quiet dinners, and at toboggan parties in the Hall grounds.

There are nearly always some English friends at the Hall with their Excellencies, and the vice-regal circle is made up of these and the members of distinguished families resident in the city. Lord Stanley has a public office, but his duties are not onerous. Their Excellencies drive a good deal, and the snow is so deep and hard about the capital that you may trot over the fence tops. There is a sheet of ice below the Hall, and here nearly all the vice-regal people learn to skate. Lord Lansdowne had a heavy fall there, and was laid up for some time. I believe Lord Stanley has had several tumbles this winter.

There are three toboggan slides on the grounds, and the sweep of two of them is magnificent. One or the other of them is kept pretty constantly in use in the afternoons. And this fine exercise in the keen, clear, bracing air brings the color to the cheeks. No summer sun can produce carnations of a deeper dye than can the air of a February day in Canada.

But it is during the evening toboggan parties that the Hall and all about it is exhilarating and picturesque. At each side of the slide hangs a row of Chinese lanterns, shedding a sober light on the freighted toboggans as they swish down the steep, one after the other in rapid succession. To these parties from two to three hundred persons are invited, and they all go to the Hall dragging their toboggans, and clad in the most picturesque costumes. The ugly blanket tunic, with its sooty color and blue bars, which the *habitant* used to wear and still wears, is supplanted for out-door sports by woolens of myrtle or blue or pure white—all these being tastefully piped and trimmed. The opulent sashes bound negligently around the waist, their heavy tassels falling below the hips, produce a rich effect. The ladies, tunics are like the men's, as are also the *toques*, with their big tassels, and the buff moccasins. The men wear long heavy black stockings and knickerbockers to match the tunic. Their Excellencies are dressed like their guests.

Some of the Canadian nights on which these parties are held are bitterly cold, although you would not know it, as frequently there is not a breath stirring, and nothing to be seen in the heavens but the calm stars. Sometimes on such nights the glass may register 8 to 10 or 12 degrees below zero. Woe to the ear that is exposed: the fine prickling sensation does not give much warning before the ear becomes white.

In the hollow below the Hall huge fires in the shape of pyramids are built, and the older people, or those too timid to go down the icy steeps, stand beside them, constantly turning, lest one side should become l ed by frost and the other by fire. There are accidents sometimes on these slides, and I have seen the cheek of a pretty girl torn open by the splinter of a wrecked toboggan. Toward 11 p. m. hot coffee, claret-cup, and other refreshments are served by liveried waiters; then a mustering of the revellers, and home they go. Groups and knots of humble outsiders stand about the gates to look at the wonderful people who are admitted to the sacred circles of vice-royalty.

And now they are preparing for the state ball, the great event of the year in Canadian social circles. But the original "four hundred" or thereabouts which "went" to Rideau in Lord Dufferin's time is now much increased, so much so that Lord Lorne gave two state balls instead of one, in order to accommodate them all. This number, of course, includes only the society of Ottawa and the visitors to the capital.

Next in importance to their Excellencies are Sir John and Lady Macdonald. The latter is a splendid hostess, being a thorough woman of the world. She is of Hebrew extraction, but attends the Episcopal Church. Sir William and Lady Ritchie are conspicuous social leaders.

Out-door sports in winter are among the chief recreations of social sets. When there is a snowfall people bind snow-shoes to their moccasined feet, and in the costumes I have described tramp through wood and plain, across the fields, and over the fence tops, two and two, or in larger numbers. This is delightful on calm moonlit nights, and I have known more than one betrothal made on snow-shoes. There are snow-shoe clubs which have regular tramps, going out with torches by night, but these cannot be properly ranked among society people.

Skating, too, in the city rinks and sometimes upon the rivers near by, is not the least among the invigorating amusements, and winter life in the Dominion, in the capital, and elsewhere is gay, exhilarating and wonderfully wholesome.—EDMUND COLLINS, in Harper's Bazaar.

In Silk Attire

The soul often seems to be something within the being that does not so much grow as unfold. It is there from the first, but it receives a partial opening, a one-sided development, a slow, chill shrivelling, or the wide unrolling of the perfect flower, as a consequence in large measure of the early influence brought to bear upon it.

Those who rear children are not always aware of the weight and power of the most trivial words and acts upon this unfolding spirit and intelligence and personality of theirs. From the moment that the baby accommodates its eyes to the light, from an earlier moment perhaps, while it is yet accommodating those eyes, indeed, the young intellect is reaching out into the relations of objects, and already giving itself the first lessons in the science of common things, and one or two of the larger facts. It is not an uncommon thing to hear an old nurse say that babies know within their first three days who is going to rule in that house, the baby or the others, and proceed upon the judgment thus formed; while men of science tell us that the amount of memorizing accomplished by a child in its first half-decade exceeds that they ever do afterward.

It is seen, then, how eagerly and swiftly children receive and absorb all impressions and turn them to account. And in this light is it not a pity that effort should not be made that every impression should be of the noblest? Yet, how seldom is this the case! Who ever sees a little girl old enough to understand a few simple phrases that her attention is not at once directed to her dress? Of course it is usually with the wish to give her a pleasurable emotion, or ourselves a diversion; rarely, if ever, is it done with the intention of giving her any idea of texture or color. But how unfortunate it is that this pleasurable emotion must be coupled with the love of possession, with the feeding of a small vanity, and the recognition of the value of personal adornment! "Oh, isn't she a little picture in that hat?" says one. "How blue becomes her!" says another. "Polly has a new gown?" asks a third. "Where's Polly's cloak, or Polly's feather, or Polly's ring, or Polly's some other article of apparel?" chimes the chorus. And Polly presently has learned to consider the picturesqueness of the hat, the value of blue in connection with her skin, the effect of the new gown, and all the rest as more immediately of consequence to her than the movements of the stars in their courses. And the lesson is so repeatedly and so thoroughly drilled in that it never loses its weight, but rather increases with every widening experience, till its effect is like that of the ripple made by the pebble's splash, which spreads till it reaches the shore and can go no farther.

When the little girl goes to her earliest party—a child's afternoon gathering by daylight—she sees the greatest solicitude at home as to her dress, and is stolid if she does not also see that it is intended to equal, if not to eclipse, that of others; and one of the first questions asked her on her return is in relation to what the others wore. She is now perpetually adjured to be careful of her dress; she is praised if she is careful; she is punished if she is not; she is made to see its importance by the mere necessity of the carefulness. She is given for this or that good action the promise or the reward of a new gown or of some other finery; she is made to comprehend thoroughly that it is not her innocence, her bloom, her sweetness, her charm of childhood, that is to be held the most attractive; it is her attire; and so the day will come at last when she will starve her body, if need be, in order to deck it out in fine array, even if she has to starve her soul too in the process.

When she is older, books that she might have, lessons that she might take, journeys that she might make, numberless things enriching, nourishing, and uplifting to her better nature are foregone because she cannot have these things and dress! Thus the working-girl, be she house-servant, or shop tender, or factory-hand, instead of improving her time with listening to educating lectures, or reading at home in her evenings, spends all her money in purchasing her array, and all the spare hours of her evenings in making it up; and whenever family cares allow her to do so, and do not demand her wages, she prefers to put all she earns upon her back, rather than into a savings-bank for the rainy day and old age—doing no further good by means of it all than that of achieving a pinch-beck imitation which makes the woman who can afford it doubt if she does right in devoting her own purse to similar uses. Nor is this by any means the whole of the mischief. For, to pass over the injury wrought on daily life and its surroundings by this long-continued process, with all its fettering, its belittling and hindering qualities—the egotism, the over-reaching, the struggling for precedence, the want of consideration for others that wrongs them, the whole hurt to society—there is an injury wrought to the individual soul which is all but irremediable. The love of dress has become a passion; vanity has grown till its rankness has choked out almost all better growth; nothing is too mean or base to feed it, and dragged down by a brace of dark agents of evil—ampered vanity and swollen selfishness—in order that the body may walk clad in purple, the degraded soul treads the mire.

Mothers! If the child's eyes are more beautiful to you than Oesper in the heauens, delight in them, but do not tell her so. If the dear flesh is so pearly white and rose-petal soft that you must bury your kisses there, do so, but hide the thought with your face. If your pride and vanity and joy must deck her out to give pleasure to the eye and confusion to the neighbors, let it be a matter of course, without a word that shall allow her to see the worth of the fine feathers to you. Praise her for her obedience, her generosity, her truthfulness, her industry, her compassion, her desire to help, her love, but never for her face or for her feet, or for her clothes, or for any purely personal thing. Teach her by that implication which is more powerful than words that the beauty of the body is on real beauty of hers, and that the the garb in which she clothes that body is of infinitely less consequence than that which she has spun and woven about the spiritual body. Teach her that every day of her life, whether she wear silk attire or hodden-gray, she is preparing the garments of her soul. And let her save that soul alive.—[Harper's Bazar.

Mr. Slimpurse (who has been accepted by Miss Wealthy without inquiries as to his financial standing): "I wonder, my darling, if your parents will give their consent.' Miss Wealthy (thoughtfully): "Ma has always been very particular about the moral character of young men I associate with, and I'm afraid she'll ask a good many questions." Mr. Slimpurse (joyfully): "Oh, I can get referentes from half a dozen ministers." Miss Wealthy (delighted): "That's splendid. Then after that all you'll have to do will be to get references from half a dozen bankers, and you'll catch pa."

Want of Sleep

is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alterative and Blood-purifier. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful condition.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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ABOUT GLOVES.

Ladies who have so many duties that they can give little time or thought to their personal appearance, do not realize how much gloves, boots, and little accessories have to do with the spoiling of a toilet which would otherwise be entirely satisfactory to the wearer, as well as pleasing to the observer. The fact never becomes so apparent as when standing in a drygoods or glove store and noting the utter recklessness with which ladies buy gloves. Among many of them, the principal requirement is that the gloves should wear well and fit smoothly.

If a lady can afford but one pair of gloves it is not difficult to make a selection. In all probability she has but one "best" dress, and if she is a lady of good taste that is of a quiet shade. If she is nearer thirty than twenty years of age, she should select black, or a soft gray, or a mode shade, which resembles tan unless placed near enough to it for comparison. Mode is more of the shade of strong coffee with rich cream in it. Young ladies should choose some pretty shade that will harmonize nicely with the best dress. When but one pair of gloves can be afforded, it is good economy to get the best. That does not always mean the highest priced, especially in gloves; there is a great difference in the price of gloves to be worn at receptions and those worn to drive in. The purchaser should take into consideration the amount and kind of wear the glove will be likely to receive and then select the best pair for the purpose that she can find.

Laced gloves are not used much now. They cost more and need not be chosen on account of convenience in fastening except by elderly ladies, or those whose fingers are clumsy from hard work. The mousquetaire glove is the most stylish, just at present, for dress occasions and church wear, and is very convenient and graceful. It ranges in price from one dollar and a quarter to two dollars and a quarter per pair.

Fashionable gloves no longer have heavy lines on the back, but are either perfectly plain, or ornamented with a little fine embroidery.

Four-button gloves are used mostly for street wear; short mousquetaries may be purchased of the same length. Twelve-button gloves are worn with elbow sleeves, and those reaching nearly to the shoulder with short sleeves.

The English walking glove deserves special mention since, for real service, it is unequalled. The seams are lapped and stitched, and none of the strength is taken from the leather in finishing. The German saxe glove is also liked by ladies whose duties take them from home every day. The wrist pulls on without buttons and is something like a jersey wrist. They are made of dog skin and are durable and convenient. It is a pity that American women do not know more of these gloves.

It would surprise many ladies who think they have worn undressed kid gloves, to be told that they never owned one; but the statement might be made with truth in a majority of cases. When you ask for undressed kid gloves, the polite clerk quietly "sizes you up." If you look as if you had never done a stroke of work in your life, she shows you what you ask for—gloves as soft as satin, and not a bit heavier. They are delightfully comfortable, and fit perfectly; but she knows that the process of dressing them which makes them "undress" robs them of their strength, and that they are only fit for the softest and most idle of hands whose owners are able to spend dollars on gloves where the average woman spends cents. But the clerk does not tell you this; you would not be pleased to hear it, in all probability, and if you were, it would be a useless waste of time, since she knows exactly what you do want. Turning to a box, she selects a pair of "mocha" gloves, which are the undressed kid gloves of acquaintance. They are made from the skin of an animal which is a cross between a sheep and a goat, and are really nearer to being kid gloves than are the cheap gloves sold under that name. Cheap kid gloves are made from the skins of still born lambs. They are usually quite strong and wear well, but they do not fit perfectly to the hand, and soon become shapeless, and roughened.

Remember that you can not "buy something for nothing." You have no right to expect a good article unless you pay for it. If, however, you have not enough money to buy a good glove, you will find that any color in cheap gloves will be more serviceable than black. There is something about the dye used in black gloves that has a tendency to rot them. Black gloves always cost more than colored gloves of the same quality, because it is so hard to get them perfect. Cheap gloves are cut and made by machinery and consequently can not fit so well as the high priced gloves which are always hand made.

White or pearl suede gloves are most used by gentlemen for weddings, receptions, etc. For opera wear, soft modes, grays and very light browns are in good taste. Gentlemen who prefer to wear gloves during church service, should select a thin, light weight which may be had for one dollar and a quarter up to two dollars and a half. At present they have spear-head embroidery on the back. For common wear heavy walking gloves in some of the soft brown shades or English reds are in best taste.

In conclusion, let me advise you to go to a glove store when you wish to get new gloves, instead of trading with your dry-goods dealer, and for this reason: There is no manufacturer who does not some time have bad luck with his gloves. Dry-goods merchants usually patronize one manufacturer and when he has bad luck they have to bear the burden of it. But proprietors of glove stores usually patronize half a dozen or more manufacturers, and if one sends poor gloves they get rid of them even at a sacrifice, knowing that they have enough good gloves in stock to prevent their trade from being an utter failure. Thus the customer is in less danger of paying a big price for poor gloves.

MARIE SIAS.

Do Women Smoke?

The query "Do nice women smoke?" brings up the newest and prettiest gown for them to smoke in. Do you object to such a begging of the question? Well, then, let us say the prettiest gown in which they may sit in the smoking-room. Women when they smoke use cigarettes made of Turkish tobacco, and accordingly the smoking toilet is a Turkish robe. The first one I saw was in —no, I'm not going to tell you in whose studio. It was a flowing skirt of dull blue silk worked all over in gold. The designs were arabesques, with crescent and stars. There was a loose folded waist and a scarf of white silk twisted about it and edged with a gold fringe. Then there was the most "fetching" little round jacket in red, also embroidered in gold, and a red cap—a fez—to keep the smoke from getting into the hair, and yes,—there was a cigarette to afford a raison d'etre for all this magnificence.

But do nice women smoke? Well, to tell the truth, women who do so are about as thick as dandelion blooms in February. If the winter is mild you find now and then one. I know a little boy who gathered four this year, and you might find as many smoking women in the same period. One of the nicest women I know smokes, but she doesn't wear a Turkish robe during the operation. Her hair and eyes are intensely black, and she makes quite a Cuban picture. What does she do it for? If you corner me I don't believe she does do it once in three months, and then she says it quiets her nerves. She writes novels, and when the book is done, and the proofs are read, and the publishers have been argued with, the nerves need quieting. Also, she says her husband taught her to smoke to keep him company. All this I take on her word for it, for though I know her quite intimately I never saw her smoking. And that's the way with all the smoking women. When you chase them to their holes and dig them out you find that the number of pipes included in the bric-a-brac of the burrow furnishings has been exaggerated considerably.

All food contains iron; food affects the spiritual life, and that is where the iron enters the soul.

Fenwick: "Allow me to congratulate you, Ed. That young lady of yours has the sweetest disposition in the world." Ed: "Well, I should hope so. It costs me $3 per week to keep her in confectionery."

AMERICAN FAIR.

334 Yonge St., Toronto. Telephone 2033.

Are you paying more than these prices? 2 papers Carpet Tacks, with feathers on for 5c.; 2 papers, 1,000 in paper, large heads, for 7c., all sizes same price; splendid No. 7 Envelopes, 3c. a package; 36 sheets Note Paper for 5c.; 12 sheets Foolscap for 5c., 1,000 sheets Toilet Paper, hooked and wrapped, 10c., 10 packages 25c.; best satin gloss Starch in the world, in beautiful chromo boxes, 8c., and 4 lbs for 10c; and 11 best Corn Starch, 9c.; Eddy's Matches, 9c.; a full 3 lb. bar of splendid Family Soaps in box for 25c.; and all best makes of Soaps retailed at closest wholesale prices. These are but samples of ten thousand things our catalogue and price list will tell you of. If you have it not send or call for one. Will be glad to see you.

WM. H. BENTLEY

Dawn.

The eager light of morning! A clear blush
Of arrowy crimson shooting to the flakes
Of cloudland snow—then ruffling the dim lakes
From starlit silver to a dimpled flush
Of rosy water. Now the slumbrous hush
Yields at the breath of breezes; morning breaks,
And carolling of lark and throstle wakes
A world to labour. When the herb is lush
On sheltered mead, the level gleams of light
Persuade the daisies to a wider round
Of stretching petals. Morn! the stir, the might,
The wonder of young being, with sweet sound
Of questing voices as the golden height
Of heaven dawns and earth is summer-crowned.

C. A. DAWSON.

A Fatal Draught

Woman—"I gave my husband a taste of the broomstick half an hour ago and he went out swearing he would kill some one. Has he been here?"

Saloon-keeper—"Yes, ma'am; John was in here."

Woman—"Did he kill anybody?"

Saloon-keeper—"Oh, no. He took two drinks of our best whisky and then left."

Woman—"Poor John! I didn't mean to drive him to suicide."

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Cabinet Organs, $5; Sewing Machines, $2; Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses, $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, $1.00; Family Bibles 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00.

Amos Hudgin, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remedies I tried proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with confidence recommend it to those afflicted in like manner."

Policemen in civilian dress do not affect diamonds, yet when in uniform they wear a "number."

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extent for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

BRISTOL'S

PILLS

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS

THE WONDER OF HEALING!

CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS.

Used Internally & Externally. Prices $1 *1.75*

MME. ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK!

OR FACE GLOVE.

The following are the claims made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to ladies for Beautifying, Bleaching and Preserving Complexion :

1st.—The Mask is soft and Flexible in form, and can be Easily Applied and Worn without Discomfort or Inconvenience.

2nd.—It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds it original shape.

3rd.—It has been analyzed by eminent scientists and chemical experts and pronounced Perfectly Pure and Harmless.

4th.—With ordinary care the Mask will last for years, and its *retinable properties* Never Become Impaired.

5th.—The mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only genuine article of the kind.

6th.—It is Recommended by Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men as a *substitute for injurious cosmetics.*

7th.—The Mask is as unlike the Fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face, *as day is to night*, and it bears no analogy to them.

8th.—The use of the mask cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and it may be worn with Perfect Privacy if desired.

The Toilet Mask or Face Glove in position to the face. To be worn three times in a week

9th.—It is a Natural Beautifier for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin and Removing Complexonial Imperfections

10th.—The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and is to be *purchased but once.*

11th.—Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions and like preparations, may be saved by those who posess it.

12th.—Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.

13th.—It is safe, simple, cleanly and effective, for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

14th.—While it is intended that the Mask should be worn During Sleep, it may be applied *with equa good results* At Any Time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.

15th.—The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS :

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled."

"It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable true cure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the mask but two weeks, and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritation, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it.

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."

"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."

"I have worn the mask but three nights and the blackheads have all disappeared."

"It does even more than is claimed for it.

"I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."

"A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the mask.

"The improvement in my complexion is truly marvelous."

"After three weeks' use of the mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."

"The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case.

"My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is now all that can be desired.

"I have been relieved of a muddy, greasy complexion after trying all kinds of cosmetics without success."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

May be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the **TOILET MASK.** By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves its user money. It prevents and removes wrinkles, and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Famous society ladies actresses, belles, etc., use it **VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PHAMPHLET**, with proofs and full particulars, mailed free by

THE TOILET MASK COMPANY, 1164 Broadway, New York.

APPLY NOW FOR PHAMPHLET, NAMING "THE LADIES JOURNAL," AS YOU MAY NOT SEE THIS ADVERTISEMENT AGAIN.

Walking With a Lady.

It is a generally conceived opinion that a gentleman walking with a lady should walk on the outer side of the sidewalk. This idea does very well for a country town, but in a great city where thousands upon thousands of people, all in more or less of a hurry, are continually passing, it is a very poor rule to follow. One writer on the subject says: "The duty of a gentleman is to protect the lady he is walking with; to take all the hard knocks, jostles and possible umbrella tips to himself, shielding the weaker vessel from many disagreeables, and to do this she must invarialy be on the gentleman's right side, where she can promenade at her ease, guarded by his manly form, and not being obliged one-half of the time to take all the buffs and rebuffs constantly recurring in a crowded thoroughfare." Now, if some of the social leaders of this city were to take the establishment of this custom into their hands it would not be long before Toronto could boast of a fad that would be a great benefit to the ladies of the community, and one that I hope to see a recognized custom in the course of not a great number of years.

Wedding Rings do not Change.

"I believe there is less change in wedding rings than anything in the line of goods we keep," said a prominent Maiden Lane jeweler to me a day or two ago. "I have been in this business for about half a century, and the wedding ring is about the same to-day as when I served my apprenticeship. The marriage token can hardly be improved upon. It is a ring of pure virgin gold. It is softly rounded, and if you hang it on a piece of string and strike it gently it will ring out an indescribably soft and sweet sound. Ladies nowadays wear numerous rings which carry no significance, except, perhaps, in some instances the possession of wealth. Twenty-five years ago it was a rarity to see a woman wearing more than one ring on either hand, but now the more they can crowd on their dainty digits the better they seem pleased; and, what is more, while they are almost insanely mindful of the harmony in their dress, they jumble diamonds, rubies, pearls, garnets and the other precious stones together in ridiculous confusion. To display a diamond properly it must be worn alone. Few seem to understand this. If a solitaire is pure, it is obvious that if worn next to a ruby it will reflect the hue of the latter, and thus its value will be obscured."

The Typewriters.

Now that ladies are so generally employed as stenographers and typewriter operators the columns of some newspapers are burdened with coarse attempts at humor in which the pretty amanuensis and her alleged flirtations with the business man are the inspiring theme. Perhaps these jokes, on account of their insipidity, are harmless and do not deserve the dignity of a remonstrance, but nevertheless we enter our protest against any attempt to place in a ridiculous or improper light the honest and worthy occupation of a woman. All honor to the girl who has the energy and pluck and determination to qualify herself to be self sustaining and make herself useful in the great world of business. There are enough actual follies, weaknesses and foibles of men to laugh about without making innocent women the subject of ridicule by making them figure in incidents entirely the product of an impure imagination. The shafts of ridicule should be aimed only at those who deserve punishment, and wit and humor lose their charm when indulged in at the expense of anything that is good or useful. A woman's reputation is too delicate to be roughly handled and any light treatment of her occupation injures her who is identified with it.—[Western Plowman.

Women's Shoes.

"Women should be as particular about wearing good shoes in the streets as they are about headgear," said a society lady, "but there seems to be a disposition just the other way. It is not an unusual sight to see a young woman on the avenue handsomely dressed, and with an attractive-looking glazed sailor hat on her head, but a most disreputable-looking pair of shoes peeping out from under her skirts. Men are very quick to notice such things, and while handsome walking costumes may pass almost neglected, hats and shoes always invite attention. A word to the wise will probably result in more attention being paid to [illegible] gaiters, either well blacked or brown.

Nothing like Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum for allaying thirst and keeping the mouth moist, try it. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Improivng the Complexion.

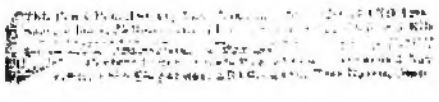
So much has been said and written lately of theories for improving the complexion and reducing flesh that it requires some temerity to approach the subject again, but here are some remedies that at least bear the charm of novelty and have in a few known cases proved efficacious. The first is a preventive for a so-called "greasy skin," which is said to be benefited by washing the face in any inexpensive French or German wine. If the skin is very dark use red wine. The other is the use of Vichy to reduce flesh. To quench thirst use always some charged water like Vichy or Apollinaris on the principle that it forces gas from the body. Fat is arranged in layers about the body separated by more or less gas, which if once expelled the flesh solidifies, and while the individual will decrease comparatively little in weight, he, or rather she, since it is women who feel most keenly the inconvenience of obesity, will become smaller in girth, waist, arms, legs, and all parts of the body, measuring much less in circumference. If there is any one who would like to be fleshy in these days of Grecian ideals and willowy types of beauty, salad oil poured over vegetables, meat, anything upon which it can be eaten, is a pleasant agent for depositing fat cells.

A Texas doctor is great on wens. He is one of the know-wen-est doctors in the State.

Leading Druggists on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure, and report its beneficent effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities, and as a female medicine, it has accomplished remarkable cures.

Knowledge is power, no doubt, but one should know how to apply the brakes.

It is admitted to be one of the best purifiers of the [illegible]



John Smith is the happiest man that I know,
But wasn't he blue, though, not three months ago?
"My wife's running down just as fast as she can,
And the doctors can't help her," and then this poor man
Almost cried as he thought of the poor, suffering wife
Who seemed to be losing her hold upon life.

"Smith, I know just how you feel," said a friend to whom he told his sad story. "My wife was troubled precisely as yours is. I don't just understand it, because I'm not a woman, but her back pained her, and she complained of dragging-down feelings, and a general weakness and I know that she had some of those diseases women are subject to, and had 'em bad, too. I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription one day, and the first time I was at the drug store I bought a bottle of it and took it home to her. It worked wonders. In a short time she said she felt like another woman, and she began to hope that there was relief for her, after all. She kept on taking the medicine for a time, and now she's well. Get a bottle of the 'Prescription' and try it on your wife."

"I will," said Smith. And he did, and it cured her and that's why he's so happy to-day.

The crowbar is a pry-mover in a great many enterprises.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loosens the phlegm, curing coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, asthma, bronchitis and all affections of the throat and lungs

What interesting things we don't see when we have our pencils ready!

The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

A crossed woman is nearly as dangerous as a crossed electric wire.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

The cat's purr is the sign of peace. The rooster's spur is an emblem of war.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is th best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle.

A short acquaintance—the man who is always wanting to borrow money.

Quick Relief for Headache.

Had suffered with headache, and tried everything I could think of without effect until I used Burdock Blood Bitters, which relieved me right away, and I am now remarkably well.

Annie Torangean, Glen Almond, Que.

It is odd how often a brave man will face a thing after he has refused to countenance it.

Robert Lubbuck, Cedar Rapids, writes: "I have used *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* both for myself and family for Diphtheria with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other."

Now that there are forty-two stars on the American flag the Union ought to go ahead at a two-forty gait.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The man who doesn't know where his next dollar is to come from always sends it where his last went.

Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, barks and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

One is never so devoutly oblivious to worldly affairs as when the plate reaches one's particular pew.

One Little Piggie.

I owned a litter of pigs. They throve well until a month old, when their throats swelled, and spite of all remedies they all died except one, which was nearly dead. Laughingly I said I would try Yellow Oil, and gave it a thorough application. He improved at once, and soon was all right.

William Windsor, Brinsley, Ont.

All the evidence thus far presented indicates that a spring chicken is a hen in its second childhood.

Ample warning is given us by our lungs when they are in danger. If fool-hardy enough to neglect the warning signal, we incur imminent peril. Check a cough at the outset with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—which is a sovereign pulmonic—besides being a remedy for soreness, lameness, abrasions of the skin, tumors, piles, rheumatism, etc.

The ball season is here again and sad to say many a man who goes to a ball gets on a bat before it is over.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives relief to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

A Cure or no Pay

Is what the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery guarantee to those who use that wonderful medicine for any blood taint or humors, eruptions, pimples, blotches, scrofulous sores or swellings. Money returned if it don't benefit or cure.

The exact dimensions of Chicago—Chicago is 173 miles square, and when it is right muddy, knee deep.

Jacob Loeckman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* for rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "cured him up." He thinks it the best thing in the market.

When you can induce a man to hold your horse in the rain, how natural it is to tarry around the fire on the inside!

Josephine Jottings.

It is a privilege to recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It is a sure cure for chapped hands, swellings, sore throat, croup, etc.

Mrs. Geo. Ward, Josephine P. O., Ont.

A new burlesque is called "My Sister's Hair." It is a take-off, of course, and will be "done up" in the papers.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

The Titans made a great deal of trouble in mythological times, and the tight 'uns make much mischief now.

It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—*Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

Every man ought to be as good as his word. Nothing is expected of those who never have a good word for anybody.

A Trip to Manitoba.

Last year I went to Manitoba on the C. P. R. At Rat Portage I got sick, and at Winnipeg I was so weak I had to be assisted off the train. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and after the first dose felt better. When I got to Boissevain I was as well as ever. The Bitters cure the bad effects of the surface water of the prairies.

Donald Munro, Bolsover, Ont.

An exchange tells "how to make a fountain pen work satisfactorily." Another way is to give it to one of your enemies.

Mrs. E. H. Perkin, Creek Centre, Warren Co., N. Y., writes: "She has been troubled with Asthma for four years, had to sit up night after night with it. She has taken two bottles of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* and is perfectly cured. She strongly recommends it, and wishes to act as agent among her neighbors."

The dress-beef magnates refuse to tell the Senate Committee the secret of their business. With them the tail doesn't go with the hide.

The rock on which many a constitution goes to pieces is Dyspepsia. The loss of vigor which this disease involves, the maladies which accompany it, or which are aggravated by it, the mental despondency which it entails, are terribly exhaustive of vital stamina. Its true specific is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which likewise overcomes bilious maladies, female ailments, and those coupled with impurity of the blood.

A soft winter turneth away the toboggan slide.

Digestion Improved—The voice strengthened and the throat kept moist by using Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

A capacity for drink doesn't always accompany mental capacity.

Joaquin Miller is writing a play founded on the Landing of the Pilgrims. Will Miles Standish sort of thing?

$500 reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case.

The difference between the successful merchant and the physician simply is this: One gets his business for his pains, and one gets his pains for his business.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

How hard some men will struggle to build a little reputation and will at once give up the ghost when it comes to building a kitchen fire.

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching a cold. Coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., if attended to in time are easily subdued, but if allowed to run their own course, generally prove the fore-runner of more dangerous diseases. Nine-tenths of the consumptives date their affliction from a **neglected cold,** and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes or exposure are more numerous than are generally supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which frees the lungs from viscid phlegm by changing the secretions from a diseased to a healthy state.

"I'm bright. I'm sharp," exclaimed the counterfeiter when he stood up for sentence. "Yes, you're guilt-edged," observed the judge, prior to giving him twenty years for reflection.

Voice Culture—Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum improves the voice. Used by the leading singers and actors. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

She: "Why, Lorenzo Jones! You back again? I thought you went off in a huff Tuesday night and bade me a final farewell." He: "Well—yes—er, so I did, Lucy, but you see it was only a Patti farewell."

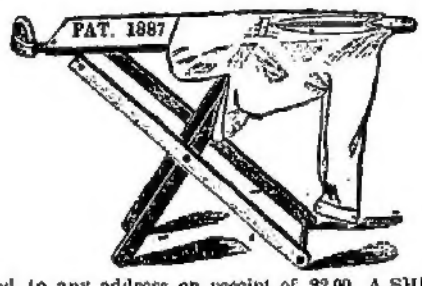
The Progress of Medical Enlightenment has led to the abandonment of many antiquated remedies of questionable value, and the adoption of newer and more rational ones. Prominent among the latter is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the justly celebrated Blood Purifier, a comprehensive family remedy for liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, loss of physical energy, and female complaints.

A young man writes to inquire, "Does a college education pay?" No, it makes the old man pay.

After smoking use Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum it will purify the breath and is recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

CARDS—Send 2-cent stamp for samples of the Finest Visiting Souvenir and Concealed name Cards ever shown by any card house. HOLDEN BROS., Card Works, 100 Danforth Ave., Jersey City, N.J.

The Patent Manufacturing Co'y



Will send to any address on receipt of $2.00, A SHIRT AND SKIRT BOARD combined. Send stamp for circulars.
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TANSY PILLS!
Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

Coughs, Colds, Croup.

Allen's Lung Balsam was introduced to the public after its merits for the positive cure of such diseases had been fully tested. It excites expectoration and causes the Lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus; changes the secretions and purifies the blood; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive organs; brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect that **it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,** if not of too long standing. It contains no opium in any form and is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by consumption when Allen's Lung Balsam will prevent it if only taken in time. For Consumption, and all diseases that lead to it, such as Coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all diseases of the Lungs, Allen's Lung Balsam is the Great Modern Remedy. For Croup and Whooping Cough it is almost a specific. It is an old standard remedy, and sold universally at 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. The 25-cent bottles are put out to answer the constant call for a Good and Low-Priced Cough Cure. If you have not tried the Balsam, call for a 25-cent bottle to test it.

Allen's Lung Balsam

"After a varied experience with many so-called cathartic remedies, I am convinced, that Ayer's Pills give the most satisfactory results. I rely exclusively on these Pills for the cure of liver and stomach complaints."—John R. Bell, Sr., Abilene, Texas.

Why is it that people with good impulses are generally lazy.

To cure croup, give 10 to 30 drops of Yellow Oil on sugar internally, and rub the throat and chest with the Oil. It never fails.

"What we need," said the leader of the church choir quartette, "is a change of bass."

The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible and instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be a world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men hove felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read th,is valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. Lubon, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

WEAK MEN and **WOMEN** can quickly cure themselves of **Wasting Vitality, Lost Manhood**, from youthful errors, etc., **quietly at home.** Book on all private diseases sent free (sealed). Perfectly reliable. Over 30 years' experience. Address, **GILDED PILL CO. TORONTO, CANADA.**

LADIES our "Relief for Women" is safe and always reliable; better than Ergot, Oxide, Tansy or Pennyroyal Pills. Insures regularity. Send for particulars. Address, **GILDED PILL CO., TORONTO, CANADA.**

BEARDS FORCED on smoothest faces, hair on baldest heads in 30 to 90 days. Magic. Latest and greatest achievements of modern science! Most wonderful discovery of the age. Like no other preparation! Magical, sure, almost instantaneous in action! Boys with whiskers! Bald heads "haired!" Curious spectacles, but positive truths. Only a genuine article in market, and certain to give absolute satisfaction. Guaranteed. Price $1 a bottle, or three bottles for $2. Each bottle lasts one month. Address, **A. DIXON, Box 305 Toronto, Canada.**

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR—A preparation that will permanently remove superfluous hair without injury to the skin. Warranted. Price $1.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS permanently removed in from 10 to 80 days. Warranted. Price for 80 days' treatment, $1.

ANTI-CORPULENCE PILLS—For those people embonpoint is a matter of solicitude, whether because it is uncomfortable or unfashionable—FAT FOLKS using "ANTI-CORPULENCE PILLS" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness; contain no poison, and never fail. Price for one month's treatment, $2; or three months' medicine, $5. Warranted.

COMPLEXION WAFERS — GIOVANNANI'S — ARSENICAL—Bleach the skin, develope the form. Harmless. Permanent in effect. Warranted. Price $1 a box, or six boxes for $5.

Address—**MADAME GIOVANNANI, 295 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.**

LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition,

NO. 25

A Wonderful List of Rewards Arranged in an Equitable Manner.

SEND NOW! DON'T DELAY!

The twenty-fifth competition opens more popular than ever. There are few dissatisfied competitors; some would not be pleased if they were to get a piano every time. Over thirty-seven thousand persons have voluntarily testified as to the value of the rewards and the fairness with which they have been distributed.

This competition will only remain open till the thirty-first day of March inclusive, but the sooner you send the better, although your opportunities for securing a reward are almost as good one time as another between now and the thirty-first of March provided your answers to the questions are correct. ALL THESE PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN SURE, but don't run away with the idea that everybody that competes is sure to get a prize. Every prize offered *will be given, of that you may be absolutely certain*, but remember, first come, first served in each of the three divisions, so hurry in your answers.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found: Deep, High, Wide.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the piano. To the next person, one of the sewing machines, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, one Fine Upright Piano	$500
Next three, each a Fine Family Sewing Machine, $50	150
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	250
Next three, each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces) $50	150
Next twenty-one, each a set of Dickens' Works, beautifully bound in cloth, 10 vols., $20	420
Next Five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harnley, England	250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces specially imported, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15	75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dore Bible Gallery, $5	90
Next one, very fine toned Upright Piano	650
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' solid Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing"	82
Next twenty-nine, each a complete set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., $20	480
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash	20
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Doré Bible Gallery, a choice gift book	49
Next eleven, Five Dollars in cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	119
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing," $1	29

To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given the one hundred dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	100
Next five, each Ten Dollars in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch good movements, $60	420
Next nineteen, each an elegantly bound volume in cloth and gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, $7	133
Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm	500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design	55
Next five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, $2	50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash	20
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7	49
Next eleven, five dollars in cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	119
Next twenty-nine, each an imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," $1	29
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harnley, England	250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols, $15	75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dore Bible Gallery, $5	90

For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office, postmarked 31st of March or earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes, to the next to the last, number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in Cash	$100
Next five, each $10 in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement $60	420
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost $7	133
Next, One Very Fine Solid Triple Silver Plated Coffee Urn	50
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, $3	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols, $20	580
Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by Celebrated Canadian Firm	500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design	55
Next five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $10	200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, $2	50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165

Each person competing must send One Dollar with their answers for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and is in every way equal, at this price, to any of the publications issued for ladies on this continent. You, therefore, pay nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes. You will find the JOURNAL well worth the money leaving the rewards out of the question entirely. The Bible study necessary to find the answers to the questions will not harm you and may benefit you not a little.

The distribution will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order letters arrive at the LADIES' JOURNAL office. Over 255,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

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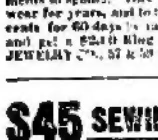

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To introduce our Watches, Jewelry, &c., &c., for 60 days we will send this fine, heavy gold-plated Ring to any address on receipt of 32 cents in postage stamps; and will also send free one mammoth Catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, &c., with special terms and inducements to agents. This Ring is a very fine quality, warranted to wear for years, and to stand acid test, and is only offered at 32 cents for 60 days to introduce our goods. Order immediately, and get a $2.00 Ring for 32 cents. CANADIAN WATCH AND JEWELRY Co., 57 & 59 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

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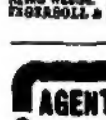
Singer Improved High Arm, 4 Drawers Extension Drop Leaf, Full Set Attachments. Warranted by the manufacturers for five years. Limited Offer. Only 1,000 of them at $1 each. You pay the dollar after you receive the machine. Send name and address to **AM. PUB. CO., Jersey City, N. J.**

50¢ PRINTING OUTFIT ONLY **25¢** and 10c MAGIC HAT RACK,



To get Agents and buyers we will, for 60 days only, send these two valuable articles postpaid on receipt of 25c. silver or stamps. 3 sets 60c., 6 sets $1.00. THIS IS A WONDERFUL OFFER. Outfit used for ... printing cards, marking linen, books, envelopes, papers, etc.; contains 3 alphabets of ... type, type holder, indelible ink, pad, tweezers, all in neat case with Directions. Full Catalogue and terms. YOU can make MONEY at printing or selling outfits. Agents Wanted. Catalogue Free. Address INGERSOLL & BRO., 45 Fulton St., N. Y. City

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Millinery Work a Specialty.

Remember the address, 23½ Adelaide St. W.

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BABY can be kept quiet and comfortable by wearing around its little neck one of **NORMAN'S ELECTRIC TEETHING NECKLACES** They are better than all the soothing syrup in Christendom. They give no shocks and are comfortable. Price 50c. Sold by all druggists. Ask for them and take no other.

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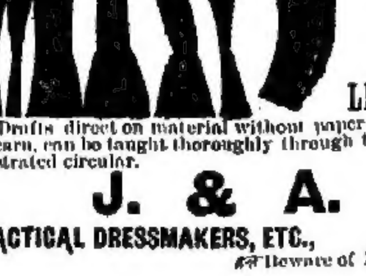

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CURES

All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivaled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequaled as a cure for all diseases of the

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DISEASES

Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by the use of B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, tumors and

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Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the first bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

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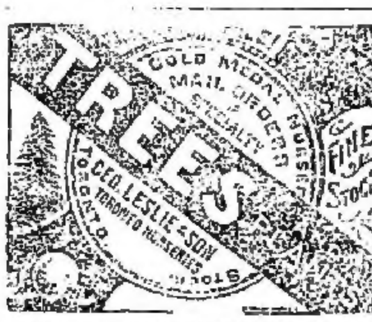

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SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady answering this advertisement and naming the paper in which she saw it, we will send *free*, in addition to all the above, one package of the celebrated Ornamental Chilian Foliage Beet Seeds, one of the most beautiful foliage plants known, the leaves sometimes growing 2 feet long by 1 foot wide, in variegated colors. It is perfectly hardy, continuing an object of beauty long after Coleus and Canna have succumbed to frost. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

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Peacock Fingering Wool, superior quality, $1.60 per lb.
Crewel Wool, all the new shades, 35c per doz. skeins.
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All our wools are made specially for us, and we guarantee them the very best.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 10c per doz. skeins.
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Filoselle, 100 shades, best quality, 4c and 8c a skein.
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Macrame Cord, ¼ lb. balls, 15 colors, 10c a ball
Felt, all new colors, best quality, 75c and $1 per yard.
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